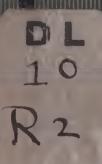
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THE FLAG OF NORWAY.

## A LITTLE JOURNEY

TO

# NORWAY and SWEDEN

FOR HOME AND SCHOOL Intermediate and Upper Grades

BY

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CHICAGO

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## A LITTLE JOURNEY TO NORWAY

To visit the "Land of the Midnight Sun" in any season of the year except summer would be not only to miss the midnight sun itself, but almost to see no sun at all, even in the daytime. With only four hours of dim daylight in some parts of the country, and in other parts a twilight that requires artificial lights all day long, we should find a winter visit very unsatisfactory.

The latter part of June or the first of July is the best time of all the year for a journey to Norway. At this season thousands of tourists from all over the world visit this country because of its grand and

beautiful scenery.

What shall we take with us to make our journey comfortable and pleasant? Warm clothing, by all means, for in many parts of Norway snow may fall even in the middle of summer, and some of the immense snow-masses never melt. We shall need our raincoats, too, for there are portions of this land where it rains a hundred days in the year! We shall take stout clothing for mountain-climbing, but no great amount of luggage, for there are few railways in Norway, and the native carriages are not made for carrying heavy baggage.

Consulting our map, we find that Norway is the

northernmost country of Europe, and with its sister-country, Sweden, occupies the Scandinavian Peninsula. It is about 1,100 miles long, and for a third of its length lies within the Arctic Circle. At one point it is only 20 miles wide, while its greatest breadth is only 280 miles. But for what it lacks in width it makes up in coast-line. It is estimated that if Norway's coast-line could be stretched out in a straight line it would reach halfway round the globe!

What gives Norway this great length of coast-line? It has hundreds, if not thousands, of sea-arms called fjords (fe-ords') running sometimes a hundred or more miles up into the land. The shores of these fjords are mountains rising directly from the water's edge, some to a height of six hundred feet.

Nowhere else in the world will you find a shore so calm and sheltered as that of Norway, for a fringe of islands, called the Island Rampart, 400 miles in length, skirts it on the west and forms a great breakwater; so that the water of the fjords is like a mirror.

There are mountains in the interior as well as along the coast. On some of the mountain-tops the snow never melts. The snow masses are pushed down the mountainsides in mighty glacier-streams, which on reaching the warmer valleys melt and form the short, swift rivers which flow into the fjords. There are only seven or eight rivers in the whole country whose length is over a hundred miles. The largest river of Norway is the Glommen, and it is only 350 miles long. Into this river, through a tributary, empty the waters of Lake Miösen (Me-ö'zen), the largest lake in Norway. Miösen is 60 miles in length, but, like most Norwegian





lakes, is narrow—a mere river-expansion. The lakes of the country cover nearly 2,900 square miles.

Now, before we start on our journey to this remarkable land, let us plan our route so as to visit the greatest possible number of interesting places. We will, then, divide the tour thus:

- I. Post-travel from Christiania, the capita', to Molde (Mŏl'dĕ) Fjord. This gives us the opportunity to ride over a Norwegian post-road in one of the curious carriages of the country, and also to see some of the most wonderful scenery of this land of wonderful sights.
- II. A trip from Molde to the North Cape, for a glimpse of the Midnight Sun.
- . III. A voyage through the fjord region south of Molde, with short trips into the country.

#### NORWAY'S CAPITAL

So early in the morning does our steamer reach Christiania that we are only just astir. The first glimpse that we catch of the harbor, however, is beautiful—blue sky overhead, water of the deepest blue around us, and wonderful pine-clad hills beyond—while the air bears to us the odors of sea and forest and mountain.

Christiania is at the head of Christiania Fjord, eighty miles from the sea. It has a fine harbor and is the chief trade center of Norway, as well as its capital. Here timber, pitch, matches, pulp, furs, mackerel, herring, cod, cod-liver oil, beer, and many other products are brought, to be sent to other countries. To Christiania also come, for distribution throughout the country, those goods that Norway cannot produce for herself.

VIEW OF CHRISTIANIA

The wharves are busy places. Besides the Norwegian vessels, there are ships in the harbor from nearly all the European countries, but most from England and Germany. Good need there is of all this busy trade while the season lasts, for the harbor of Christiania, having cold land to the north, east and west, and a shallow sea to the south, lies frozen over for four months in the year. Then all vessels have to lie at Dröbak, twenty miles to the south.

Christiania is a city of 260,000 inhabitants. It has many large stone buildings, many parks and public squares, and well-paved streets shaded by beautiful trees. The dwellings are built in the French style, of brick and stucco lined off to look like stone.

To most tourists the first place of interest is the Royal Palace—a large but plain brick building, painted a dull orange and surrounded by beautiful gardens. This palace was formerly occupied at certain seasons of the year by King Oscar, ruler of Norway and Swe-For more than five centuries Norway had no independent ruler of her own. Norway and Sweden were ruled by the same king, though each country had its own constitution, parliament, and capital. King was crowned in Norway as well as in Sweden; he was obliged to live three months in each year in Norway and must open the Norwegian Parliament in person. He appointed only Norwegians to office in Norway and was called King of Norway and Sweden, instead of King of Sweden and Norway, which was the title given him in the other part of his realm. He had also to be a member of the Lutheran Church, for that is the religion adopted by the government.



KING HAAKON VII QUEEN MAUDE AND CROWN PRINCE ALEXANDER

The people of Norway are fond of freedom, however, and finally grew restless under the rule of King Oscar. They disagreed too with the people of Sweden about many things, and, during the summer of 1905, dissolved the union and set up an independent government.

In November of the same year, Prince Charles, of Denmark, was elected or chosen as their ruler in King Oscar's place, and on November 25 the new king and his queen formally entered Christiania. Prince Charles is the second son of the Prince Royal or Crown

Prince of Denmark, but, as the ruler of Norway, was given the title King Haakon VII. (Pronounce the aa in Haakon like aw in awful.) On November 27, in the Storthing or Parliament Home, he took the oath whereby he swore to govern Norway in accordance with its Constitution and Laws. It was an imposing ceremony in the presence of the ministers and principal officers of the Army and Navy.

King Haakon has been known as the "sailor prince," because of his love of the sea and skill as a sailor. He has served many years as an officer in the Danish Navy and can command any kind of naval craft from torpedo boat to battleship, and lead it to battle.

The new Queen of Norway is the daughter of the King of England. The little son of the king and queen, the Crown Prince Alexander, is but two years old.

We next visit the Parliament House. It is a large building with a wing at each end extending toward the front, and a central wing in the shape of a many-sided polygon. Here the Norwegian Parliament sits each year. It consists, like our Congress, of an upper and a lower house. Its members are chosen by electors, and serve three years.

Norway is divided into six provinces or dioceses, each called a *stift*, and having a bishop at its head. The stifts are divided into counties, each county under a civil governor. There are in all eighteen counties.

Whoever visits Christiania must see the university, for it is one of the most interesting places in the city. It was founded in 1811, and is the only university in Norway. Here the young men and women from all

parts of the country come, to the number of 1,500. The classes, we are told, are always full, for the people of this land prize very highly a good education. The tuition is free to all native Norwegians who succeed in passing the entrance examinations.

The university includes schools of law, medicine, and theology, and the faculty numbers over sixty professors, who are appointed by the king. Among these is Dr. Fridjof Nansen, the noted Arctic explorer. His department of exploration has an endowment of \$150,000 a year for carrying on the work of exploration on the seas.

The hospitals of the city are in charge of the medical



A FISHING BOAT

department of the university. Here are also art-galleries, libraries, and museums.

In the market of Christiania fruit, grain, vegetables, hay, wines, and fancy goods are all on sale, but the most interesting part is the fish market. Early

morning is the time to visit it. The fishermen and women have brought their boats up close to the pavement, and are shouting out their wares.

Mackerel, cod, and herring are the chief varieties of fish on sale here, with occasionally fine lobster or salmon.

Here, seated in one of the boats, is a fish-woman in quaint white cap, dark homespun skirt, and bright

bodice. The fish which she sells she takes one by one from the net in the bottom of the boat.

We must visit some of the shops and buy souvenirs to take away with us. The goods for sale are very tempting. Here are many pieces of the beautiful



IN THE MARKET

filigree silver which the Norwegians know so well how to make, and tankards and drinking-cups of all kinds. We see some very fine silver mugs, delicately chased, but most of the drinking-cups are of earthenware or china. Those of china have bands of iron around them, and silver lids. One we notice has a coin set in the cover for an ornament.

The sweetmeats here are quite unlike those at home. Some, tied up in crêpe paper, are intended to be distributed at funerals. We are shown one for a child's funeral—a little candy baby nestling in a big bow of crêpe.

Christiania, as the capital and the seat of a great university, has attracted many of the illustrious men of Norway—statesmen and councilors, musicians and artists, scientists and writers, as well as foreign ministers and consuls. Its people are highly educated, refined and hospitable. They are fond of parties and balls, of music and the theater. The new opera house is one of the finest buildings in this gay city.

Let us now take a fjord steamer and visit some of the summer villas. The fjord is dotted with beautiful islands, and on these are the summer homes of many wealthy families of Christiania. These people enjoy not only their island-homes, but also the shores and mountain slopes of the mainland. The hills around the city are covered with pine and birch, and here is to be found a variety of wild flowers—blue, red, pink and yellow. Lilies-of-the-valley and sweet violets grow wild here. Christiania has been called "The Garden of Norway."

### NORWEGIAN INDUSTRIES

The pulp-factories at Drammen, near Christiania, attract many tourists. The greater part of Drammen's population of 21,000 finds employment in the manufacture of pulp. Although there are nearly two hundred pulp-factories in Norway, this town is the chief center of the industry. It is on an arm of Christiania Fjord, into which empty the waters of many lakes and a number of rivers rising away up in the mountains. Thus there is a chain of waterways down which to float the logs used in the making of pulp. From Drammen, too, the pulp can easily be sent to any country of the world.

Wood-cutters work, sometimes all the year, in the mountain-forests, cutting the logs and hauling them to the streams. Beautiful Lake Spirillen to the north, and the streams flowing into it, are filled with logs the year round. So full of logs is the lake that everywhere our steamer thumps and bumps against them. Think of the logs it must take to make the 1,200 tons of pulp which the mills of Drammen alone grind each day!

It is feared the pulp industry and the sawmills will be the ruin of Norwegian forests, for the one takes the little trees and the other the big. Some idea may be had of the greatness of these two industries when we learn that there are, besides the 200 pulp-factories, nearly 400 sawmills. It is said that both industries together employ about 45,000 people. Only the fisheries surpass the lumbering business. In this country, where it takes a hundred years for a pine to grow large enough to yield a log twenty-five feet long and ten inches thick, something ought to be done to preserve the forests.

The logs for the pulp-factory are cut into lengths easy to handle. These are put through a mill and ground into coarse fibers or shreds. They are then ground fine in another mill and mixed with water and chemicals. Only young trees are used for pulp, as the fiber of the old trees is too tough.

Alongside the factories are wharves where steamers are moored while taking on their cargoes of pulp to be carried to foreign ports—some to the United States but the larger portion to England and France, where it is used chiefly for making paper. So the newspapers

of London or Paris are very likely to come from the Norwegian forests. Much of the wood pulp, however, is made into coarse wrapping-paper.

Though so much pulp is sent to other countries, a large amount is made into paper in Christiania. We visit



A MOUNTAIN HOME

a paper-mill, where the pulp is pressed into thin sheets between heavy rollers and carried into a warm place called the drying-room. We visit, also, cotton-factories and machine shops, for although Christiania has not long been a fac-

tory city, her manufactures promise soon to become very valuable.

Barren regions and mountains form a large part of Norway. Only about 3½ square miles out of every hundred have a soil and climate suitable for tillage or pasture, so there is little grain or stock raised. Then, too, manufacturing prospers under difficulties, for while some iron, silver, and copper is mined, Norway has no coal with which to run the furnaces of smelting works and machine shops.

"Why not turn the many, many mountain streams

into water power for factories?" some one asks. This is done to some extent, but the raw materials for manufacturing are not plentiful. Cotton and silk cannot be produced in this climate, and for some reason there are not many sheep in Norway, although it would seem just the place for them. The small amount of wool produced is woven on hand-looms in the homes.

Modern farm machinery has only recently come into Norway, and is yet unknown in the remote regions. It seems more profitable to import farming implements from the United States than to carry on their manufacture here.

There is, however, one important industry in Norway which makes use of the water-power of the rivers, and that is lumbering. More than a fifth of the country is covered with forests, mainly of soft wood—pine and fir. The forest regions are for the most part in the interior, along the Keel, or mountain-chain of the Scandinavian Peninsula.

Wood was once used almost entirely for fuel, but now peat takes its place. Wood is the chief export of Norway to America. It is interesting to know that our word deal comes from the Norse doel, or piece, meaning the planks into which timber is sawed, instead of the whole trunk; but as nearly all the wood we get from Norway is soft wood, deal has come to mean simply soft wood.

The life of the Norwegian wood-cutter is very hard. The felling of the timber is done in late autumn and in winter. In some regions the cutter goes far into the forest, taking provisions to last for weeks and even months. He builds himself a little hut and fills

the cracks with moss to keep out the cold. The door-way is so small that he must crawl on his hands and knees to enter. Indeed, when a heavy snowstorm has piled the drifts over his little hut, it looks like an Eskimo dwelling.

Inside, a flat stone serves as a stove. No fancy cooking could the poor wood-cutter do on this rude stove if he should wish to; but very simple food serves him. His bed is nothing but logs rolled together and covered with dry hay and moss. Thus he lives, alone, going home only once or twice, perhaps, during the whole season.

The forests are in the coldest part of Norway. Often the wood-cutter must keep a fire burning all night or freeze. Sometimes he is obliged to drive his horses all night long, for fear of their freezing to death before morning. The horses are fed hay instead of oats, to keep them warm. Their work is to draw the tree-trunks over a prepared road to the nearest mountain-stream. Here the logs are left till spring, when they are floated down to the mills. Should they get jammed, the logger must jump upon them and push them apart with boat-hooks, being careful, however, to spring ashore before the mass dashes upon him. Wherever the falls of the river are very steep, canals are dug through which the logs are guided.

All along the streams are sawmills and planing-mills, match-factories and paper-mills. In some of the latter not only wood but also birch-bark is made into paper. The wood industries together employ over 100,000 men. This is not including those who work at home, making boxes, baskets, wooden trunks, and

many other articles. The wood products exported each year are worth many millions of dollars.

At the wharves we see logs, lumber, pulp, and various wood-products, as well as other articles, being shipped to other lands. Much of the shipping is done in Norwegian vessels, for the abundance of ship-timber and a love for the sea have led the Norwegians to build ships to transport goods for other countries as well as for themselves. Although her ships are not so large as those of some other countries, Norway has a greater number of vessels in her merchant fleet than any other nation of Europe, except Great Britain. Her vessels go to nearly all the chief foreign ports.

But Christiania must be left behind, since there are so many delightful things before us. Now for our first post-ride, for we are to travel by post across Norway.

#### **POSTING**

We find a pony and cariole waiting for each of us. The cariole is the national vehicle. It is a two-wheeled affair, something like a sulky, except that it has a little platform behind the seat for the luggage—and for the post-boy, who sits on the luggage, for the seat will hold but one. We pay our fare at the rate of six or seven cents a mile to the first post-station. Between slow-stations we shall have to pay but four cents a mile.

The rope reins are handed us, for each must be his own driver. The post-boy goes along only to bring back the cariole. In response to a groan and a grunt from the post-boy, the pony starts on a slow trot. There is no whip, for Norwegians are very careful of their ponies.

Like most Norwegian horses, our pony is a stout little cream-colored fellow with thick, short mane, long tail, and a dark stripe down his back. He



A NORWEGIAN CARIOLE

is sure-footed and trusty, but not so swift as he might be. Four miles an hour, the station-keeper says, is what we may expect of him. Now that we are fairly started, the ponies fall into line, each as close possible to the cariole ahead.

Along the roadside are big boul-

ders, set close together to form a wall, and at one side stretches a telephone wire. Everywhere the road is smooth and fine. The roadbed was first dug down about three feet like a canal, then a foundation of heavy boulders was placed on it to make the road solid and to allow the moisture to drain off. Above this a layer of smaller stones was placed, while on top fine gravel and sand mixed with pounded slate were spread and packed as hard as asphalt.

The roads of Norway were begun over a thousand years ago and are among the finest in the world, although as difficult to build as were the famous roads over the Alps. We are told it costs \$3,000 to

build a single mile of road. There are about 18,000 miles of roadway in the country, which it costs \$1,500,000 a year to keep up.

Almost before we know it we are at our first poststation, a farmhouse some ten miles from Christiania, where we are to change ponies and carioles. As we drive up to the door, the post-boy cries "bur-r-r!" in a hoarse tone, and the pony stops. This is a fast station—that is, a station where a certain number of horses and carioles are required by law to be kept in readiness for travelers, so there is no waiting. At the slow stations, however, in the remote parts,

we shall have to wait for the horses to be brought in from the field.

These poststations are kept by ministers and farmers along the road, who furnish horses, carioles and postboys, and also meals and lodging to travelers, instead of paying taxes to the Gov-



A POST HOUSE

ernment, for the Government owns the roads. In the poorer regions, or where a man's farm is small, he may work his horses until they are needed for posting.

At each station we must register our names in the Government day-book. We must write, also, our starting point and the place to which we are going, the number of horses we use, and any com-



A NORWEGIAN HAY-FIELD

plaints we may have to make. The Government makes it a point to see that tourists are well served by those whom it employs.

Each farmer along the way has his own strip of road to look after. It is marked by a stone bearing his name. If, then, the road in any

particular part is not well cared for, it is at once known who is to blame. In winter, however, it is often impossible for each man alone to keep his road clear, so several land-owners go out together with great snow-plows to clear the way.

There is no need of snow-plows now, however, for this is the summer season. All along the way are fields of hay, barley, hops, corn, fruit, and vegetables, for we are still in the rich farming region of Southern Norway. The farms are in the river valleys. They are not separated by fences or hedges,

but are divided off by landmarks. These are red posts, each bearing the name of the owner and the amount of land he owns.

The hay-fields are an odd sight. Instead of stacking the hay, Norwegian farmers string it along on frames like high fences. They say it dries much better this way, for the sun shines on it and the wind blows through it, while the rain runs off. With as much rain as there is in Norway it is difficult even in this fashion to keep the hay from being spoiled by the dampness.

Hay is very precious in this bleak country. The mowers in some fields cut very carefully around

every tree and rock with a sickle and even with shears, that not a blade may be wasted. The hay frames are useful in winter as well as summer, being placed to break the snow-drifts.

The Norwegian hay-wagons are queer things. They seem little larger than a child's express



CURING THE HAY

wagon, while their wheels, often of solid wood, are even smaller than those of some toy wagons. This brings the carts near the ground, so that they may be drawn over very rough places, for the grass must be cut on the edge of precipices and in deep ravines.

The corn, like the hay, must be carefully looked after. When it is cut in the autumn the shocks will not be allowed to stand on the ground, as is our corn at home, but each shock will be raised on a post to keep it dry, and away from the mice.

This is a busy country. Even the women do much outdoor work. All along the way we see them cutting hay and stacking it on the frames, hauling logs, drawing carts, rowing boat-loads of garden-stuff, and fishing. In one place a woman is even cutting timber. Often women take their knitting into the fields, to knit while they rest from the field-work.

#### A POST-STATION

A day's cariole ride makes us glad that we may be sure of supper and a bed at the next stopping-place. The station is a pleasant, large farmhouse—or, rather, several houses, for one is the kitchen, one is the living-room, in another are the sleeping-rooms, and so on. Supper is ready, and we sit down with the family. The meal consists of salt herring, potatoes, flat-brod, fish pudding, coffee, and several kinds of cheese, one of which is made of goat's milk.

Although fish is one of the chief articles of food in Norway, except at hotels one seldom sees it fresh. The Norwegians always dry their fish. Potatoes are a favorite food, and the bread, called *flat-brod*, is of rye or oatmeal. It is rolled as thin as a wafer and baked in cakes a foot and a half across. At a distance

you might almost mistake a loaf of *flat-brod* for a piece of wrapping-paper, so thin is it. It is baked so slowly that it is very hard and brittle. Enough is baked at a time to last for months. In fact, in some Norwegian households *flat-brod* is baked only two or three times a year.

Fish-pudding is the national dish, and is made of salmon or cod, or both. The goat's-milk cheese is



IN A NORWEGIAN FARMHOUSE

dark brown. It is made into large, square cakes and is served in very thin slices. Ours is in a perforated tissue-paper case, with a ribbon tied around the top.

While we eat and chat with our host we notice his appearance and that of his family. The farmer is strongly built and has blue eyes and light hair and

beard. He talks intelligently and is very polite, never even smiling at our mistakes in trying to speak Norwegian. He can speak a little English. His everyday dress is of homespun, but he is sure to have very gay clothes for holiday wear—short jacket and trousers, and bright waistcoat.

The farmer's wife is pleasant, but not at all pretty. She, too—like most Norwegians—has blue eyes and light hair. Her dress is a short dark skirt, a white waist with a bright embroidered bodice, a striped apron, and silver jewelry. This jewelry has no doubt been in the family for years, handed down from generation to generation. Some of it is fine filigree work and very costly.

Our bed is built into the wall and we go up two steps to get into it. Like all Norwegian beds, it is much too short. For covering there are nicely dressed sheep and goat skins. The sheets, spun and woven by the housewife, are so small that there is no tucking them in. Every time we waken we find them on the floor. The pillows are either too big or too little. We must choose between a feather bolster nearly as large around as a barrel and a little pillow about four inches square and two thick. But, for all this, we have a fairly comfortable night and are ready to rise early in the morning to see something of farm-life in this region.

Besides the house, there are barns and stables, and, above all, a storehouse. A Norwegian would rather have no dwelling than no storehouse. It is always a separate building of heavy timber, and is generally set up on posts to keep things dry, while on top of the

posts are tin pans, bottom side up, to keep out mice and ants. The second story nearly always projects over the first. The door is very heavy and is strongly barred, for this is the farmer's treasure-house.

Stored inside these houses are immense sacks of flour and meal, boxes of provisions, strings of flatbrod, and trunks full of clothing and bedding. The trunks are more like huge baskets than anything else. They are made of thin strips of wood woven much like baskets and painted in gay colors. Each girl in the family, when old enough to spin, is given one of these trunks. In it she stores away all the cloth she spins and weaves for bedding, table-linen, and towels, as well as the yarn and embroidery she makes. These she saves till she is married and has a home of her own.

Little trunks of the same style, with handles, are used instead of suit-cases or valises for traveling, and very quaint they look.

The barns are large enough for a great number of cattle, but only a few are here. Most have gone to the hill-farm for the summer, where they will stay till cool weather comes again. The son and two of the daughters keep the hill-farm. The boy watches the herd, and the girls make butter and cheese.

At a little distance from the house is a small building beside a stream. Here is a tiny water-wheel which turns the farmer's mill, so that he is able to grind his own corn. The water turns also the grindstone which sharpens his scythes and sickles. The farmer is his own blacksmith, and shoes the ponies tourists drive over the post-road. The farmer's family forms a little village of itself and must supply all of its own

needs, for even the nearest neighbor lives at a considerable distance.

The life of the Norwegian farmer is at best a hard one. Often he works all summer and then loses his whole crop. Indeed, he must count on losing one crop in every five! Then he has to eke out a living for himself and family by joining the fishermen, or by going into the forest to fell trees. While he is away, his wife and daughters must earn something by spinning, weaving and knitting.

The winter is a busy time in the farmer's family. The children must go to school for a part of the year, at least, for the pastor will not confirm them until they have finished certain studies, such as the catechism and church-history. And unless they are confirmed they will not be able to find employment in the cities or towns.

Now our pony and cariole are waiting to take us on, and we must say farewell to our kind host. The road is no longer level, but stretches over hills and sometimes along the very edge of a steep precipice. Here the big boulders have indeed a use.

Now and then we see the home of a poor farmer. Let us notice this one. The cottage is made of heavy spruce logs, and perches away up on the hillside. The roof is covered with birch-bark laid over the logs like shingles. On this is placed grass sod, in which bright flowers are now growing. Yes, and there is a goat on the roof, nibbling the grass! Inside there is little furniture, but there are always flowers. Like all Norwegian farms, however poor, it has its name.

#### NORWEGIAN FJORDS

The farther we travel, the more rugged the country becomes, for we are now approaching the fjord region, along the western coast. The mountains rise higher and the valley grows narrower. We are at last in the famous Romsdal, the most beautiful valley in Norway. The sides of the mountains



THE ROMSDALHORN FJORD

are seamed and scarred, and we see here and there a leaping cascade. These great walls of rock stretch for miles and in some places tower five and six thousand feet above us. The mountains press so closely together that the river is penned up in a narrow gorge, where it foams and roars and thunders as though trying to escape from its prison. There is scarcely room enough for the road high along the mountainside.

Here is the giant peak, higher than all the rest, called the Romsdalhorn. It is said to be as difficult to ascend as the terrible Matterhorn in the Alps. Years ago an Englishman thought to win fame by climbing to the top, but he found there a heap of stones, telling that some one had been there before him, although no one could remember that the top had ever been reached before. Here, too, is one of the most beautiful of all Norwegian waterfalls, The Seven Sisters. It is so called because it is formed of seven separate falls, although sometimes there are but four streams to be seen.

High up on these cliffs are perched little farm-houses, where it seems too narrow for a man to stand. There is a cottage two thousand feet up the mountainside which can be reached only by a zig-zag path beside the bed of a roaring torrent. Everything needed from below must be hauled up over the edge of the cliff by ropes, and when the farmer and his wife go out on the hill to gather their little crop of barley or hay, they must tether the children, as they do their goats, to the door-post or a tree. When one is to be buried from this mountain home, the coffin must be let down these two thousand feet by ropes.

And now the beautiful Molde Fjord is before us. These fjords of Norway are somewhat like great rivermouths, or long narrow bays reaching far into the

land, but they are really neither of these. They have no single strong current flowing to the sea like rivers, nor have they a sandy beach like bays. They have what a bay has not, an island belt at their outlet. The fjord water is deep—much deeper even than the sea beyond the island chain.

Fortunately for Molde, the cliffs rise to a great height on the north, shutting off the cold winds. Then, too, the Gulf Stream crosses the ocean from our own southern shores and brings a breath of warm air to this part of the country. Without it the greater part of Norway would not be habitable. To this ocean river the country owes its food-grains, its commerce, and the very life of its people.

The current, flowing along the west coast, keeps the fjords free from ice the whole winter through. While Christiania Fjord, far to the south, lies frozen four months in the year, Molde Fjord is never frozen over. It is warmer the year round, here in Molde (which is in sixty-three degrees north latitude), than in New York city. The temperature this June day is 80° in the shade, and many bathers are enjoying themselves in the fjord.

Molde is one of the most beautiful of all Norwegian fjords. On one side snow-topped mountains, whose lower sides are covered with forests of pine, maple, birch, ash, and chestnut, stretch for forty miles. Birches here grow five feet in diameter.

# MOLDE

The town of Molde, a place of 1,700 inhabitants, is beautifully situated on the fjord. Its houses are

painted yellow and white, with red and dark-tiled roofs. Everywhere at this season on lawns and in gardens are roses, peonies, poppies, and honeysuckle, and ponds are covered with water-lilies. Everywhere in Molde are, also, cherries, the chief fruit of the country.

What a fine situation Molde has for a summer resort—which, indeed, it is! It is more easily reached



THE RESORT HOTEL'

from all parts of the country than almost any other town in Norway. The road from Bergen to Molde leads through beautiful scenery. The high-roads from Trondhjem (Trond'yem) and the Swedish border meet the one from Christiania and pass through the wonderful Romsdal. An-

other road comes across from Christiansund Fjord to the north. Then, too, there are the sea-roads from the north and south. No wonder hundreds of Norwegians come to spend a part of the summer here. Tourists, too, find this a delightful place to stop.

One enjoys wandering about Molde's streets and looking at the flowers in the gardens and windows,

for the Norwegians are very fond of flowers. A visit is paid to the shops for carved wood souvenirs, and silver filigree; then a coast steamer takes us into Trondhjem Fjord to the quaint old city of Trondhjem—or *Throne's Home*, as the name means—a twelve hours' voyage.

Just out from Trondhjem Fjord lies Hitteren, the largest island along the Norwegian coast south of the Arctic Circle. In the harbor are anchored ships from many countries, and steamers from Christiania, Bergen, Molde, and other Norwegian ports, while everywhere we see the quaint native fishing-boats patterned after the old Viking ships of long ago, with high prow and stern ending in a dragon's head.

Like Molde, Trondhjem Fjord is never frozen over, although it is several hundred miles farther north than Labrador. Trondhjem's winter climate is as warm as that of Southern England.

Our hotel is of painted wood with red-tiled roof. The bedrooms have no carpets and no light at night. We can easily do without a light, however, for are we not in the land of the midnight sun? If not exactly a midnight sun, we have at least a very late one, for at this season it does not set here until nearly eleven o'clock in the evening and rises again before two. While the sun itself is thus out of sight for about three hours, yet its rays light up the night so that one can at any time read even the finest print. What beautiful colors delight our eyes at sunset! For a time the sky is red, then it grows pink, then orange, and next purple. Again at sunrise a beautiful pink glow appears; this gradually changes to yellow, then greenish-blue, and then to the blue of a clear day.

### **TRONDHJEM**

Trondhjem, a place of 30,000 inhabitants, is the third city in size in Norway. It has wide, well-paved streets. Its two principal streets cross, and from their intersection one may enjoy a grand view: on three sides are high mountains and on the fourth lies the beautiful sea.

Here, too, is the marketplace. It has rows of stores and two rows of canvas-covered booths, where all the different wares are sold. Let us wait till the market opens. Peasants from the surrounding country come with their little wooden trunks filled with one or another of the dozen kinds of Norwegian cheese, with butter or vegetables, or coarse homespun woolen and linen goods. The women wear colored handkerchiefs tied over their light hair, bright knitted bands which cross over the shoulders, and full plaid skirts. The men wear bright jackets of coarse homespun, and heavy caps.

The factories, paper-mills, shipyards, and ware-houses of Trondhjem are interesting, and show how its people occupy themselves. Trondhjem has, also, a marine arsenal and an Academy of Science. In the shops are many pieces of the filigree silver we have seen so often before, enamel silver spoons, scarfpins bearing the Norwegian flag in enamel, carved tankards, pipes, beautiful furs, cloaks of eiderdown, and reindeer antlers so large that one must saw them in two to get them into a trunk.

Here in the shops gentlemen always take off their hats until their purchases are made, then shake hands with the shopkeeper, who thanks them for buying of him.

Here is a beautiful cloak of brown eiderdown which the shopkeeper tells us is worth a thousand dollars. He explains that it is so expensive because it is made from the lining of the first nest, which is the finest.

The eider duck builds her nest on one of the many little islands of the far North, and lines it with the beautiful fine down from her breast, which is light brown. The down is taken by the hunters, to be used for coats and capes. Then the nest has to be rebuilt, and this time the father bird lines it with the white down from his breast. This down is coarser, and is used for pillows and quilts; it is never so costly as the brown. After being robbed the second time the birds build their third nest, but if this is disturbed, they leave it and go away. The eider eggs are about four inches long, and have a greenish-blue shell. Some people eat them, but they have a strong flavor.

We must go down to the station and see the train from Christiania come in. Until something over a year ago Trondhjem was the most northerly railway station in the world, but now there is one farther north on the Swedish border. The railroad from Trondhjem to Christiania is 350 miles long, and has done much to unite these two distant parts of Norway.

As we peep into the sleeper, we cannot help contrasting it with our sleeping-cars at home. The car itself is not much wider than an omnibus. The berth is formed of the narrow cushion-seats pulled together, with nothing but a tiny pillow as furnishings. There is no mattress, or even a blanket. The upper berth is nothing but a small hammock sagging down to within

a foot of the lower berth—a difficult bed to climb into when the train is moving! It is uncomfortable, too, staying in such close quarters, for there seems barely room for a person without his traveling rug, or for the rug without himself! The rug would be a necessity in winter, for there is no way of heating the car.

Although Trondhjem is not so beautifully situated as Molde, it is the most famous of all Norwegian towns.



TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL

It has stood for a thousand years, and was, long ago, the city of the Norwegian kings. For this reason it is called the "Cradle of the Kingdom." Here still stands the cathedral where, since the days of King Olaf, a thousand years ago, the kings of Norway have been crowned.

Trondhjem Cathedral is the finest church in Scandinavia, and one of the finest in Northern Europe. It

is built of blue-gray marble, quarried near by. Long ago it was much damaged by fire and was for years left partly in ruins. Some years ago repairs were begun, and they are still being carried on. A part of the money raised at the lottery which built the Christiania opera-house has been given for restoring this beautiful old building.

We pay our fee and go inside. Here are beautiful stone and wood carvings. At the south end of the altar is a cast of Thorwaldsen's statue of the Saviour. There is a fine organ in the cathedral, and a deep well which is *said* to be connected with the sea.

Two miles from Trondhjem is one of the finest falls in Norway. Store Lefos (Sto-ra La-fos), which is one hundred feet high with a great rock halfway up, around which the water dashes.

## A RICH FARM

Trondhjem, like Christiania, is in one of the fertile regions of Norway. Everywhere around the city are grassy plots and flower-gardens. Off toward the sea stretch fields of rye, pastures, meadows, and forests of grand, dark pines.

Let us visit one of the richer farms in the vicinity. We drive through avenues of trees to the house, which is 140 feet long and two stories high. Besides this there are the storehouse, the smokehouse, and also a kitchen, which is a separate building, while near by are barns and stables. These buildings are grouped together around a sort of courtyard. Here water is brought by pipes from the mountainside near by.

We enter the living-room of the house. Here is a bed built in like the one at our first post-station. In fact, this is the kind of bed we shall find almost everywhere in Norway. A bench extends around the room,



THE FARMHOUSE

but we are careful not to sit upon it until invited to do so, as this is the seat of honor. A rude table and chair, and hanging shelves are about the only furniture, excepting a loom for we aving the coarse homespun for the family.

The hay is brought to the

barns in an odd way in this region! It comes sliding down to the barns on heavy wires from the soeter.

The soeter is the hill-farm, such as nearly every rich farmer has at a distance up the mountainside. It is chiefly hay land and pasture. In early spring the cattle and sheep are taken to the soeter, to stay until late in the autumn.

A log cabin with sod roof has been built on the mountainside and here some of the family (usually the older daughters and one of the boys) spend the

summer. The fireplace is on the ground. There is no chimney—only a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. In cool weather, if the fire does not smoke too badly, even this hole is closed. The kettle is hung over the fire by a chain and pulley suspended from the roof. A bench extends around the room.

The time of setting out for the soeter is a merry one. All is confus on and excitement. There are so many things to gather together—churn, milk-pails, kettles,

frying-pan, cheese-moulds, cups, plates, and spoons. The flat-bread, coffee, bacon, sugar, and salt must be packed, and the meal to mix with the skim-milk for the calves must not be forgotten. And, too, the woolen yarn for stockings, and



WASH DAY

materials for embroidery, must find a place, to help fill in the time for busy fingers during the summer.

The soeter is several miles away, but all walk. The father strides ahead, taking with him a long horn of birch-bark, called a *lur*, with which to call the cattle. Following close after comes the old horse with the

load, and behind him the sheep, cows, goats, and pigs. The girls bring up the rear, with wooden yokes over their shoulders from which hang swinging pots, and pails of white pine.

At the soeter the girls are very busy. As soon as the cows are sent to pasture for the day they begin the dairy work. One skims the cream and makes the butter, and another washes the pails and pans at the brook and feeds the calves. Then comes cheesemaking. When enough butter and cheese have been made to send to market they are put into pails or done up in packages, and slid down the same wires as the great bundles of hay. Every moment not occupied with the dairy work is spent in knitting and embroidering.

If a stranger visits the soeter, one of the girls goes to meet him with a pail of milk. He is expected to say: "Do not waste it on me," but she insists and he takes a sip. She urges him to take more; he must drink all he can, or he will be considered impolite.

At night the cattle, sheep, and horse must be fed. One of the girls puts on a belt from which hangs a horn of salt to feed them.

The soeter is very interesting, and so is the farm, but the time has come for us to return to Trondhjem. Our hostess has prepared coffee and *smor-brod*, a great dainty, which is merely white bread spread thickly with butter and sugar. Norwegian etiquette requires that we must *prepare* to go without partaking of this feast. Our hostess begs us to stay, and so of course we are persuaded to remain long enough to taste her dainties.

### TOWARD THE MIDNIGHT SUN

And now the first part of our journey is over, and the second begins. Trondhjem is the port from which steamers start for the voyage to the North Cape. We board our vessel, and are soon on our way to the most northern point of land in Europe. The North Cape is a four days' sail from Trondhjem, but we shall expect to take about two weeks for the voyage to the Cape and back, as we wish to make several stops. Although a long voyage, it will be a calm one, for we shall sail inside the fringe of islands which extends along the whole western coast of Norway.

The waters inside this Island Rampart, though deeper than the ocean outside, are usually like those of a vast harbor.

Most of the way we are in sight of the mainland. We sail past snow-capped mountains that seem to rise directly out of the sea, and down whose sides flow huge glaciers, ending in rushing falls which pour into the fjords.

The day after leaving Trondhjem we come to Torgen (Tör'gen) Islands, where the steamer stops for a couple of hours, that passengers may see the tunnel through the solid rock of Torghättan Mountain. This tunnel is 500 feet up the mountainside and was washed out by the sea when all the lower part of the mountain was covered by the waves. This opening, through which one gets a beautiful view of the sea is 600 feet long and 200 feet high.

More fjords, and snow-capped mountains, and glaciers, and we come to the Lofoden (Lo-fo'den) Islands, extending 100 miles out into the Atlantic and 130

miles from north to south. Just southwest of the islands is the famous Maelström, (Māl'strum) which is formed by the tide pouring through a narrow strait, where the water foams and hisses over deep sunken ledges. Our steamer does not sail near this, however, but keeps well toward the coast, where the scenery is particularly fine. Many tourists think this scenery grander even than that of Switzerland.

The Lofodens are the center of the greatest cod fisheries in the world, for sea-cod are found only in certain places and at certain seasons. East of the islands are three banks beneath the sea. Here in the shallow water the cod gather from the middle of January to the middle of April. Then, indeed, are the islands and the opposite coast a scene of activity! Cod-boats like the old viking boats are everywhere: 3,500 boats and 25,000 fishermen come here every year. These fishing voyages are made in the long winter night, when, for part of the time at least, these men have no light except the beautiful northern lights and the bright stars. In spite of all difficulties they carry away 25,000,000 cod each year.

The nets are left in the same place for several days at a time, for the cod pile themselves one above another, till they are often more than a hundred feet deep. The fishermen call these enormous schools of fish "cod mountains." When they cast the nets they can feel the sinkers touch the fish. The cod are caught in the night, and each morning the nets are emptied, and mended if necessary. Sometimes a thousand fish are caught in a single night.

The cod business is carried on under the direction.

of the Government. Fishermen are forbidden to go out in stormy weather, and anyone who disobeys this rule is fined heavily. Even in pleasant weather the

fishermen must wait until an officer gives the signal to start. But in spite of these precautions cod-fishing is a dangerous business and many lose their lives at it every season. Boats by the dozen are found bottom up, with knives stuck in them where the



A MOUNTAIN CARRIAGE

men have tried to hold on. Some boats have handles along their keels, that the men may have something to cling to when capsized.

The fishermen live in little huts along the shore, and here we see millions of codfish spread out, sometimes upon the rocks, for the sun to dry, sometimes on wooden frames, where the air and sun both help in drying them. Many are split and salted and sent to France and Spain. In sheds along the beach the dried heads of the cod are hung. These are used for fertilizing the land, or are boiled with seaweed as feed for cattle. The oil made from the liver of the codfish is much used as medicine.

The hills on the mainland bear only birches and firs, the winters being too severe for anything else to live. Here tar is made in great quantities from the firs, which contain much resin. Only the roots of trees that have been cut down are used. Sometimes after the firs are felled for timber or pulp, the roots remain in the ground for years. They are finally dug up and split. They are a deep red in color, very hard, and so rich that, when they are burned, the resin flows from them.

When there are not barrels enough to hold the tar, it is kept for a time in holes in the ground. The barrels, before being sent away, are fastened at both ends to long poles, and then sent down the nearest mountain stream: Some years 100,000 barrels of tar are sent away.

# TROMSOE, THE CITY OF THE LAPPS

North to Tromsöe (Trom'sö-eh), a Lapp town and an important fishing station, is the next stage of our journey. In the harbor the bones of a huge whale are floating. It has been speared and cut into pieces, and its blubber is being boiled in large kettles in a rude factory on the shore. Here are anchored seven more monsters from sixty to seventy feet long. Their jackets have been taken off, and men are busy removing the whalebone and the blubber, which latter will be carried to the factory. When all is done, the big bones of the carcases will be split up like wood.

Tromsöe carries on a brisk trade with Hamburg and Russia in smoked herrings and other fish, whale

meat and oil. Vessels from Russia, Germany and other countries are in the harbor. Every year the town sends out many ships to hunt the walrus and whale. The whale is found all the way from the Lofodens to the North Cape.

Here in the harbor is a whaler. To one mast a barrel is fastened for a platform, and in this, on a whaling voyage, a man always stands to watch. When he locates a whale and gives the signal, a harpoon is shot from a cannon. When the harpoon enters the whale's body, a cartridge explodes, killing the animal The four points of the harpoon stick into the whale and furnish the means of drawing it ashore. From April to August is the whaling season.

Let us visit the factory where the whale-oil is prepared. The blubber, and the flesh, which is much like pork, are cut up into pieces by machinery and put into boilers, to be tried out. From the boilers the oil is run through pipes into big tanks. Often one whale will yield sixty or seventy casks of refined oil.

Not all the flesh is tried into oil. The best is canned and marked with French labels and sold as a delicacy. Some is dried and smoked or made into sausage. The scraps left in the boilers are dried and ground into feed for cattle, resembling ground coffee in appearance. The bones are used as a fertilizer for the fields. The whalebone—which hangs from the upper part of the mouth in shreds to help the whale hold in his mouth the food he gathers—is trimmed and cut into uniform lengths for the market. It is then washed in a solution of soda and spread out to dry. This

whalebone (or baleen, as it is called in commerce), is very expensive. It is worth at the present time \$15,000 a ton. All the products of the whale render a large one worth from \$1,200 to \$15,000.

Tromsöe is often called the "City of the Lapps," not only from the number of these people in the town itself, but also from the Lapp encampment near by. Tromsöe, however, is not the only home of the Lapps. All that part of Norway and Sweden and northwestern Russia which lies within the Arctic Circle is called Lapland. There are in Norway alone nearly 17,000 Laplanders. The name Lapp seems to come from Lappu, land's end folk. What a fitting name! A brave people they must be, to make their home in this land of barren rocks, snow, stunted pines, birches and moss. To the north only birches can grow, and these are little more than shrubs. It is only by keeping their foliage as small as possible that trees or shrubs are enabled to live at all, for the whole year's growth must be finished in a few weeks.

In the spring when the ice-sheet breaks up, the waters swarm with fish, and the reindeer-moss springs up from the almost barren rock. But for these, the Lapps must either perish or seek a better country, for the fish and moss provide them with nearly all they have. The moss is in some parts almost the only food of the reindeer. This wonderful animal is as dear to the Laplander as is the camel to the Arab. It furnishes milk, from which he makes butter and cheese. Its flesh yields him food and its skin clothing and tent-covering.

There are two classes of Lapps, the Mountain Lapps



LAPLANDERS

and the Sea Lapps. The mountain dwellers are a roving people, because the reindeer-moss and little patches of grass are so scarce that they are soon eaten up and new pastures must be found. In the summer the deer seek the water, for even in this cold coun-

try mosquitoes are very annoying. The Sea Lapps, although not wandering like the Mountain Lapps, have at least two or three homes. In the winter they move to the coast for the sake of the cod-fisheries. In the summer they settle upon the banks of some river or at the head of a fjord.

Here and there along the streets of Tromsöe we see Lapps, but they mingle little with the Norwegians, preferring to live by themselves. Some have fur clothing, while others have adopted something a step nearer the dress of their neighbors, and wear white woolen jackets with red, blue and yellow stripes. They are, however, very untidy. The fur caps they wear resemble inverted saucepans.

Some of the Laplanders on the streets of Tromsöe have come from the encampment outside of town, to sell the trinkets they make. We look over the wares of one and find knife-handles and other articles carved from reindeer horns and walrus tusks, white-bear and reindeer skins, and sealskin boots, bags, and purses, as well as the eye-sockets, ears, and sections of the backbone of the whale! Curious souvenirs some of them are, if not altogether beautiful.

An hour's brisk walk brings us to the Lapp encampment, and such an odd village as it is! Everything is very rude and simple. Some families live in tents of reindeer skin stretched over poles, with a curtain for a door and a hole in the top to let out the smoke. Others have huts of stone and earth shaped like an Eskimo hut, with a rude wooden door.

Let us enter one of the latter. It is about twelve feet high and eight or nine feet in diameter. The sods are held in place on the framework by stones. All around the inside there is a raised step of hard mud. This serves for tables, chairs, and beds, for on it the family eat, sit, and sleep. Their covering at night is a reindeer hide. In the middle of the hut is a pile of stones, which, when heated, form the stove. The fire on the stones is made of juniper twigs, and over it hangs a kettle suspended from three sticks set up together.

We have been told that if we wish a welcome, a few trifling presents are to be taken along. As soon as we show them, the best place in the hut is offered us. This is exactly opposite the door. If there had been no gifts, then we should have been kept near the door, while our host questioned us about our native land. Now coffee and reindeer milk and flesh are offered us by the father, who always divides the meat among the members of the family.

The Lapps are small people. Four feet and a half for women, and five feet for men, is a good height. Some have dark hair and blue eyes, but many have light brown hair and greenish gray eyes. The nose is flat, the mouth large, and the skin yellow and smokedried.

The Lapps' clothing is chiefly reindeer-skin worn with the hair inside, though some of the people wear coarse homespun woolen shirts. The skin clothing lasts for years, and is often handed down from one generation to another. The deerskin moccasins have sharp-pointed toes and are bound with red. One could scarcely tell a woman's dress from a man's except by the ength of her jacket and sometimes by the head-



LAPLANDER BOY

dress she wears, which resembles somewhat the old Greek helmets. When the helmet is not worn, she turns her hair up in an odd little knot.

Here against one side of the hut stand the skis on which the father in winter tracks the elk or bear—one of the few pastimes of these hardy people. If he

is so fortunate as to kill a bear, then indeed he is looked upon as a hero, and besides being feasted for three days by the whole village, he ever after wears as a sort of trophy an odd decoration in his cap.

The gayest thing in the hut is the baby's cradle, which hangs by a deerskin strap around the mother's neck. The boat-shaped cradle is itself made of skin, with a sort of hood over the baby's head. Into it the little Lapp is fastened by flaps laced together at the middle. His blanket is soft rabbit-fur.

When the Lapp family goes to church, the father

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digs a hole in the snow outside the church and into it baby is dropped. Then the snow is piled over him except for a little hole through which he may breathe, and there he sleeps cozily till the father and mother are ready to start for home.

Outside the hut nets are spread to dry. Here, too, are thrown fish-heads and whatever food the family and dogs have left. The Laplander loves his dogs and always shares his meat and porridge with them. Without these faithful animals he could never keep his herd of reindeer together, for often the deer must go far in search of moss and hay.

The herd of the Tromsöe encampment numbers between four and five thousand. The dogs must help keep all these animals in one place until all are moved to new pastures, when the dogs must drive them. It is the dogs, also, that keep away the savage wolves always lurking about watching for a chance to kill a deer.

Most of the deer are now gone with their keepers and the dogs many miles inland, but enough are left to supply the encampment with milk, butter and cheese. The herd has just been driven in, for this is milking day. The reindeer, as you know, are milked but twice a week, and in some cases only once.

One of the women throws a lasso over one horn of the deer to be milked and fastens it, and the animal stands quite still. A wooden scoop is held in one hand and the milking is done with the other. The scoop seems a very little dish to hold all the milk, but some deer, we must remember, give less than a coffee-cupful of milk. It is so rich, however, that water must be added before it is used.

The milk is poured into a wooden keg with a cover, and a skin bag is filled for those who are to take the home herd out to pasture to-morrow. Little butter is made, and that little is almost like tallow. The milk is mostly made into cheese, or dried. For drying, the milk is heated and the cream skimmed into a bladder and hung up to dry. The dried cream is called kappa, and is considered a great dainty. Stirred into hot water, it forms a porridge. In winter the milk is frozen into solid blocks and kept for months. For the cheese, rennet is added to the milk. When curded and dried it is packed in round wooden boxes and hung up in the smoke of the hut to be kept for winter. It, too, is considered a delicacy.

The Lapps have but few table articles; the most important are their spoons, which are either of silver or carved reindeer horn. Each member of the family carries his spoon in a little sack, and at meal time takes it out with care. When the meal is over all the washing it gets is given it with the owner's tongue, after which it is slipped back into its bag until the next meal. What an easy way of washing dishes! The plates are treated in quite as novel a way, being wiped with the fingers.

The short summer is a very busy time for the Lapps. The hay for the deer must be cut and dried. It is placed in little stacks ten or twelve feet high with poles run through it to prevent its being blown away. All the wood must be cut in the summer, and the reindeer moss gathered before the heavy snows fall. The fish, too, must be caught and salted for winter use, and the shoe-grass dried. This shoe-grass the

Lapps put into their deerskin moccasins when obliged to travel over rough, stony ground, and also in winter to keep out the cold.

Besides all this, the pine-bark salt must be prepared while a hole can be dug in the ground. These people



A BURDEN BEARER

south and go gather the inner bark of the pinetree, separate it into several thin layers, and dry it in the sun. It is then put into boxes made of the fresh outer bark of the pine and buried for a day in the earth while a fire is made over it. When dug up the

bark has turned a bright red, and tastes sweet. It is used like salt, to season food.

The Lapps raise a few vegetables and fruits, but these cannot be depended upon. In the gardens here we notice rhubarb, currants and blackberries, radishes, small potatoes and barley. Fruit bears only one year in three, and often the barley does not get ripe, so short is the summer. The ice breaks up in May or June and freezes again in September. Nine or ten weeks must see the rye, oats, and barley both planted and harvested.

When the Laplander moves, as he does so often, the reindeer must carry what tents the encampment possesses. It is harder to move in summer than in winter, for then the deer must carry the loads on the r backs instead of drawing them in sledges. On curious pack-saddles, made of two pieces of wood rounded to fit the deer's back, the load is balanced. Several loaded deer are then tied together. Before setting out, the master whispers in the leader's ear the place to which they are going, and the stops to be made on the way, firmly believing the animal understands it all.

The reindeer draws his master from place to place on a low boat-shaped sledge. It is lined with furs and is usually large enough only for one, or at most two. The harness is of deerskin and is very simple. Sometimes it is merely a skin strap fastened to one horn for a rein and a collar with straps which fasten to the sledge. In spite of its awkward appearance, the reindeer is a swift and sturdy traveler, often going a hundred miles a day. How fortunate this is for the Laplanders, for their winter home is far south, in Sweden, where moss is more plentiful. They once went to Russia, but there the deer were taken from them, and had to be bought back at auction. In Sweden, as in Norway, these poor people are more kindly treated.

But Tromsöe, with its Lapps, is only one of the interesting points of this Norwegian tour, and Hammerfest, the most northern town of the world, awaits us From Tromsöe to Hammerfest is almost a day's journey by steamer. The coast is very dreary and

desolate. Glaciers appear often, and the trees have become ewer and smaller Only small birches and junipers are to be seen. The grass grows in patches little bigger than a newspaper; yet these plots are called meadows. Does anyone wonder that every blade of grass is so carefully gathered?

The air becomes colder, and here and there we see blocks of ice floating in the water. Soon we pass genuine icebergs, and after a little are able to

see whence they come. Down one of these dreary mountains flows a glacier, such as we have often seen since leaving the Lofodens: But in this high atitude the air is not warm enough to melt it before it reaches the foot of the mountain, so it slowly slides



CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS

down into the sea and there breaks up into icebergs. This is the Jökel (Yö'kel) glacier, and the only one in Norway which reaches the ocean before melting.

Away up here in this region of perpetual snow, of glaciers, and dreary mountains, is a copper mine. It is the most northern one in the world successfully worked. Five hundred men are employed here.

## THE NORTHERNMOST TOWN IN THE WORLD

And now we steam into the harbor of Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world. How different from reading about it in our geographies is the actual being here! There are fully fifty vessels in the harbor, flying English, German, Russian, Swedish, and American flags, as well as Norwegian craft of every description. Here is an English vessel unloading coal, there a Russian one from Archangel which has bravely plowed its way through the stormy Arctic seas with its cargo of flour. I will return laden with cod-liver oil. Hammerfest has a thriving oil trade with Spitzbergen and Russia.

Here are other vessels taking on cargoes of dried or salted cod, cod-liver oil, sealskins or whale oil, for Hammerfest is one of the chief fish-markets of the world. Here are brought not only the cod, whale, and other fish caught by Hammerfest fishermen, but also a goodly number of those caught much farther south. Everywhere along the shore here, as in Tromsöe and the Lofodens, are fish hung up on frames to dry. Indeed, there are fish everywhere! The beach is covered with them, and even the air smells fishy. In Hammerfest one eats fish, drinks fish, smells fish, and breathes fish. If there were no fish, there would be no Hammerfest.

While Hammerfest is only about sixty miles from the North Cape, yet its harbor is sheltered and its shipping safe. Although a thousand miles north of Christiania—whose harbor, we found, is frozen four months in the year—the port of Hammerfest is never frozen, for even here the warmth of the Gulf Stream is felt. This, however, is about the limit of its influence, for not far to the north it is lost amid the Arctic ice. This ocean current brings these northern dwellers a gift from southern lands in the driftwood it bears upon its bosom—trunks of palm trees and giant ferns.

Away up here is a town of 3,000 people, yet after all not so far remote from the rest of the world, for a telegraph line gives direct communication with Christiania, and so with foreign countries. Here, too, are schools, a church, and a weekly newspaper. On the streets we see fishermen, sailors, Russian captains with long beards, and Finns and Norwegians in the dress of other lands.

The spot on which the town is built, however, is barren. There are no trees—only bare rock. The streets are narrow. The principal one winds to suit the curve of the shore. There are many warehouses and a few fine houses, though most of them are of wood.

Hammerfest has a hospital with fifteen beds. This is especially for fishermen, whose dangerous calling takes them out in the severest season of the year. Nuns, who have given their lives to this good work, are the nurses. Sometimes, too, the hospital ship of the British Missionary Society comes into the harbor. Its cost was \$50,000, and it is used solely in the great fishing region which stretches for six hundred miles around the North Cape and the west coast of Norway. Last year over eleven thousand patients were treated, and forty-five tons of good books were distributed among them.

In this most northern town is the meridian shaft which tells the number of degrees between it and that other meridian shaft at the mouth of the Danube River. It is a round granite column with a globe resting above its capital.

We must, of course, catch a glimpse of the midnight sun, which does not once set from May 13th to July 29th, and which, when once he hides his face, does not appear from November 21st to January 21st. But this long night is relieved in Hammerfest by the electric light, which is kept constantly burning during this season, although, as at Tromsöe, the sky is no darker than ours at twilight. The beautiful Aurora Borealis, too, lights up the winter sky with its streamers of rosy light.

Directions here are quite as confusing as the time of day. To see the sun in the north at midnight, watch it ascend without having dipped out of sight, and circle about in the heavens through the day, is bewildering to one accustomed to see it rise in the east and set in the west.

When this summer sun does smile upon the Northland, all life quickly responds. Plants sometimes grow three inches in a single day. Vegetables and fruits mature in six weeks. Flowers do not close in sleep. The sea-gulls and other birds fly all night upon their way. We have even seen a gentleman light his cigar by the sun's rays with the aid of a sun glass.

It is three o'clock when our steamer leaves Hammerfest, for it is a seven-hour voyage to the North Cape, and we must be there in time to row ashore from the vessel before midnight. We wish to stay only long enough to see the midnight sun from this most northern rim of Europe, for the Cape and its island are uninhabited except for the sea-fowl that make it their home.

The waters of the Arctic Ocean are clear and of a beautiful blue. The air is pure, and we are always within sight of glaciers. The wind is very strong, so that it is difficult to walk from stern to prow of our ship. Regularly, even during the winter, freight steamers make the trip around the Cape to Vladso, on the Arctic Coast. It seems wonderful that their crews can endure the terrible cold and storms of the winter night off this dreary shore.

The North Cape is on the Mageröe (Mä'ger ö-eh), the last island of Norway's Rampart. It is washed by the long, sweeping waves of the Atlantic, and by the stormy waters of the Arctic. The Cape is a mass of bluish-gray slate rock 1,000 feet high, with sides deeply cleft and sloping directly down into the sea. Down its side slowly moves a glacier.

There is no wharf at which the steamer may tie up, so we are rowed ashore in a small boat, and clamber over the rocks till we come to the foot of the cliff on the east side. Here is a path to the top beside which a strong rope is passed through iron rings fastened to the rock by heavy staples. The first part of the way is easy climbing, but soon it becomes very steep and difficult. The last part of the ascent is over a mossy slope. The way to the summit is marked by a line of white posts joined by a wire.

Off to the east is Bird Island, with its cliff more than a thousand feet high. Here the sea-gulls and



THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT, NORTH CAPE

other birds gather by thousands on the rocky cliffs, and utter the most deafening cries when disturbed. To the north lies the dark Polar Sea which seems to have such a charm for explorers. This is about as far north as any but these brave men ever attempt to go.

Although the Cape is only about eighteen degrees from the North Pole, we find here a few bluebells, forget-me-nots, and bright yellow Arctic poppies, along with the dwarf-birch, which, though a hundred years old, seldom grows more than a foot in height. We must remember, however, that it is now the summer season and this is the coast where still a tiny breath of the Gulf Stream's warmth reaches, brought by the sea winds. In winter the north of Norway, especially at a distance from the coast, is a most desolate region.

On the top of the cliff is a brown granite column to mark King Oscar's visit here many years ago, and a beacon to commemorate the German Emperor's visit a number of years later.

Now a rocket is fired from the steamer, to tell us that if we wish to see the midnight sun from this far northern spot we must be watchful. As we turn to the north, there, seemingly about twenty feet above the horizon, the sun rests for a few moments, then slowly rises to begin another day. We hasten down the cliff and back to the steamer.

Before we know it the four days of the return voyage are at an end, and our vessel again enters Trondhjem Harbor. We have finished the second part of our Norwegian tour. The beautiful fjord land, the historic ground of Norway, now awaits us. Molde

Fjord comes again into view, and here the steamer is about ready to start for the south.

#### GEIRANGER

To the south of Molde lies Geiranger Fjord, one of the grandest in Norway. The fjord is not so long as many, and is very narrow, being nowhere more than a few yards wide; yet its sides rise almost perpendicularly to a height of 5,000 feet. So steep are their gray granite slopes that seemingly a cat could scarcely climb them. At certain points a stone



WATERFALLS EVERYWHERE

dropped from the top of the precipice must fall directly into the fjord.

Think of sailing for miles through this awful chasm!

Geiranger abounds in waterfalls—even in this land of falls the fjord is famed for its great number. We are seldom out of sight of

them, and often several are to be seen at once. Some are lost in spray before they reach the fjord, while others seem to drop directly from the clouds. Here is a beautiful one. Its streams cross and recross, separate and unite many times,

forming a network of silver threads like a bit of rare lacework spread on the side of the dark precipice. On the opposite wall is Pulpit Rock, and very much like an old-fashioned pulpit it looks.

Here and there, on a little ledge of these steep mountainsides, some brave Norseman has built his home. A wearisome climb it must be up the path for two thousand feet or more; yet the farmer is obliged, we are sure, to come down this steep cliff often, for here at its foot is his boathouse, while just outside is moored a neat boat with quaint red sails. His boat is as necessary to him as his log hut, for his poor little farm alone will not support his family, and he must eke out a living by fishing.

### HERRING FISHERIES

From Geiranger Fjord to the southern coast of Norway stretches the great herring ground. This fjord region is as famed for herring as the Lofodens for cod. The herring, like the cod, is mostly sent to other countries, while the mackerel and haddock are kept for home use.

There are three herring seasons—spring, summer, and winter. The winter is the most important season. The herring do not stay in the same place throughout the season. When a shoal appears, word is sent to the fishermen. To discover their presence in the daytime a submarine telescope four or five feet long is placed in the water. At night a piece of lead is fastened to a cord and let down into the sea. The fish can be felt moving it as they swim about. Then boats are launched, and the herring season begins.

Thousands of men and hundreds upon hundreds of fishing boats are engaged each year, and each year millions of herring are sent to other countries. Quantities of the herring exported are pickled.

Salmon also is found in abundance in the fjord-country, chiefly in the rivers. The salmon fishing is largely in the hands of foreigners. These fish are very shy and hard to catch. To decoy them, white marks and stripes are painted on the rocks along the fjords and rivers, and planks painted white are floated in the water, to imitate waterfalls; for the waters near the falls are the favorite haunt of the salmon. They are then caught in nets.

Salmon is a favorite dainty in Norway, where it is called *lax*. On the steamers and in the hotels of the larger towns salmon is served in all sorts of ways—boiled, fried, broiled, smoked, in salad, jelly, and pudding.

## THE LARGEST GLACIER IN THE WORLD

To the south of Geiranger lies another wonderful region, a region of fjord and mountain and glacier. After sailing to the head of beautiful Eid Fjord we leave the steamer and visit Justedal (Yoos'teh-däl), a mountain nearly 8,000 feet in height which bears upon its summit the greatest snow-mantle of all Europe. Think of 600 square miles of snow that never melts! From this vast snow mass—called the Justedalsbrae—several huge glacier streams flow down the mountainsides in different directions.

This glacier of Justedalsbrae is six times as large as the largest Swiss glacier. Like most Norwegian glaciers, it lies lower than the Swiss glaciers, and so is easier to reach, for there is less mountain-climbing necessary. The reason for this is easily seen. The climate of Norwegian valleys is so much colder than that of the Swiss that the glaciers flow much farther



'IN A NORWEGIAN FJORD

down the mountainsides before melting. The ice of this glacier almost reaches the sea.

There is a constant groaning sound made by the glacier, caused by the breaking apart of huge blocks of ice in its slow decent. What seems at a distance like a little bank of snow is probably a wall of ice eighty or a hundred feet high. What look like wrinkles to us are crevasses or chasms hundreds of feet

deep, and the seeming puff of smoke which now and then comes from it is really an avalanche of snow and ice. Along its edge are rocks and boulders which it has torn from the solid rock wall of the mountain on its way down. We have no wish to venture over this dangerous ice-river with its yawning gaps and falling ice masses. Some travelers do venture, however. There are men who act as guides, and who seem utterly fearless in these dangerous places.

# SOGNE (SOG'NEH)

To one who loves grand and awful scenery, Sogne Fjord, to the south of Eid, is the gem of all Norwegian fjords. It is the longest and deepest fjord in Norway, and sends off the greatest number of arms. The depth of the fjord is in some parts 4,000 feet. Then think of sailing for a hundred miles between perpendicular cliffs in many places 5,000 feet high! The barrenness of Sogne's rocky shores adds much to their solemnity and grandeur.

Everywhere are deep gorges filled with masses of snow, or with mighty glaciers which almost reach the fjord before melting. Often there is no sign of life anywhere upon the steep shore. The mountains rise silent, grim, and forbidding! The stillness oppresses one. Seldom do we see pasture lands, or chards, or cornfields.

Now we enter one of the finger-tips of this arm of the sea, which ends in the famous Laerdal Gorge. We leave the steamer and ride up this ravine. Here the Laerdal River has cut its way amid cliffs which rise on either side to a height of nearly 5,000 feet.

The space between these mountainsides is scarcely wide enough for the river as it dashes and foams along, almost deafening one with its roar. The only place for a road through this narrow valley is on the brow of the steep precipice. Here a roadway has been cut out of the solid rock and flanked by boulders.

When this roadway was laid out, the engineers had to be lowered over the cliffs by ropes. It is enough to take one's breath away to be whirled around the sharp turns of the river while driving. On one side are towering cliffs, on the other the precipice at the foot of which the Laerdal seethes and foams.

Upon emerging from this valley, on our return, we are glad to stop for a rest at the little village where the river empties into the fjord, for this scenery, so grand and awful, causes a terrible strain upon one's nerves. And there is grander to come.

A few more hours on Sogne bring us to that branch called Naerofjord, counted the most sublime of all these ocean arms. Here we sail beneath towering cliffs where a deep twilight surrounds us. The captain tells us that for most of the year the sun never shines down into these awful depths. On looking up we can see only a narrow rift of sky like a ribbon floating far above us. To gain some idea of the vastness of these mountains one must compare them with objects upon their sides. Cattle grazing here seem to the naked eye like mice, while a church steeple appears no more than a foot high.

So winding is the Naerofjord that often the cliffs seem to close before us and we imagine the head of the fjord is reached, but a sudden turn in our course opens up vast distances beyond. The waters are a beautiful green. It is not known to what the color is due—whether to their great depth or to the clear-



THE VALLEY

ness of the air. Even the breasts of the white seagulls seem tinted with green when they fly near the surface of the water.

After a fewhours on Naerofjord we come to its head, where the fjord chasm is continued in Naerodal, or Naero Valley.

This valley, also, is so deep that the sun reaches it for only a few hours even on the longest day of summer, and most of the year not at all.

The valley is really a part of the fjord, only without water. Once the ocean must have entered it, as now it enters the fjord. In places the mountains rise five thousand feet without a tree or blade of grass upon their sides. One curious mountain is called the Jordalsnut. It is shaped like a giant thimble, and glitters in the sunlight, for here the valley widens a little. Up the valley winds a roadway, blasted out of the solid rock in places, and built

up everywhere with masonry. This road is so steep for horses that tourists, if able to do so, are required to climb it on foot.

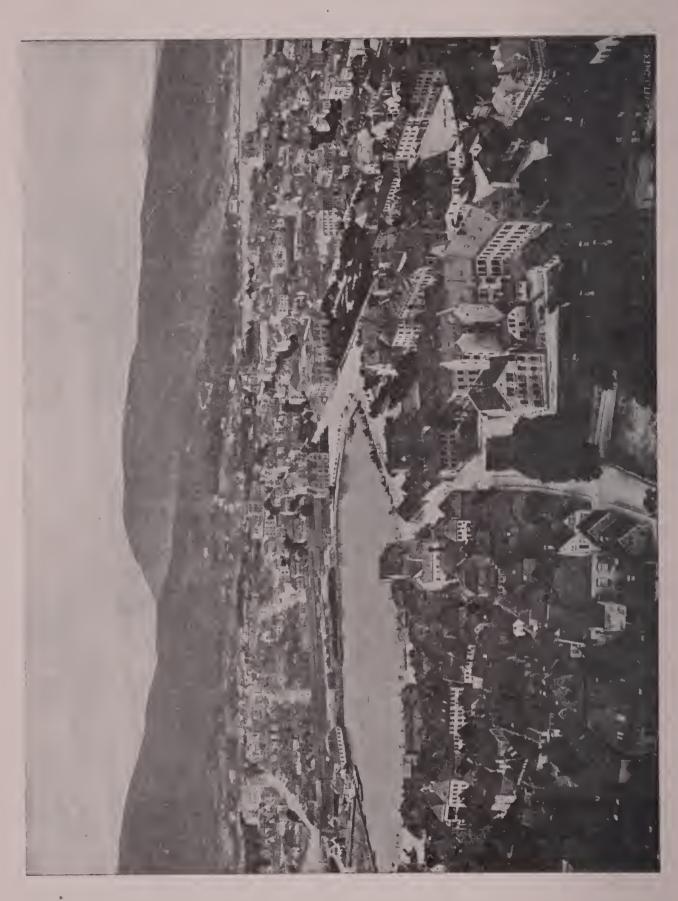
There is a mighty waterfall on each side of the road here, and although the valley winds and turns constantly, one or the other fall is in sight for a great distance. These two waterfalls are the most beautiful of the nineteen that we have counted in the Naerofjord. Though surpassing even the celebrated Giessbach in Switzerland, they are not looked upon as equal to several others in Norway.

Not far from the Naerodal is a road with nearly as interesting scenery as this valley itself. The drive has twenty-seven turns in only a short distance, and at each turn some new and beautiful picture comes into view.

# BERGEN

From Sogne we pass on to Bergen, the "Rainy City." It is said that out of the 365 days in the year, Bergen has 134 rainy days, 26 snowy days, and 40 or more foggy ones! For this reason the neighborhood is sometimes laughingly called "The Fatherland of Drizzle."

There are many amusing stories told about Bergen's rainy weather. A Bergen seaman once came into his native port when the sun was shining, and, never having seen it shine there before, thought he must be in the wrong place, and immediately sailed out again. Bergen horses, it is claimed, shy at a person who does not carry an umbrella. It is said, too, that a rain-coat and umbrella are the first presents given to a child born in this "weeping city."



The town is built upon a hill sloping directly from the harbor. The locality is quite different from the hills around Sogne, for it has green meadows and orchards. A lake on this hillside supplies the city with water, through pipes.

Bergen harbor is long and narrow and has a line of wharves and warehouses for nearly its whole length. Bergen is the second city of Norway in population and is Norway's chief fish-market for all the world.

The boats which bring the fish from Lofoden Islands and other points at the north have very high bows, so that when the fish is piled high about the mast the helmsman can still see the bows to steer by. They usually have a large square sail, gaily colored. This is soaked in a preparation of oil and tar, to prevent mildew.

Ships from nearly every country in the world are loading or unloading at the wharves. The cargo they bring may be flour, grain, coal, machinery, cotton, or livestock, but the cargo they take away is sure to be herring, dried or salted cod, cod-liver oil, or whale-oil. Hundreds of thousands of barrels of pickled herring are exported each year.

The warehouses in which the fish are stored stand very close together. They have sharp-pointed, redtiled roofs, and are very old and quaint. The first warehouses in Bergen were built hundreds of years ago by the Germans. Merchants of the famous Hanseatic League came here and gained control of all the wood and fish trade of Norway, compelling all Norwegians to send their fish first to Bergen. Thousands of German traders from Hamburg, Lubeck

and Cologne came to Bergen to exchange their wares for fish and wood.

The Hanseatic League, let us remember, was in those days very powerful. Although the League has not existed for centuries, yet the fish-trade still centers in this quaint old city. Germany still carries on a rich trade with Bergen and supplies Norway with most of its foreign goods.

Here stands one of the old Hanse houses of the fourteenth century. Its second story contains curios of those olden times. The scales and weights are of two kinds—one kind for buying and one for selling. Here also are ancient German clocks and watches patterned after the "Nüremberg eggs," lanterns, snuff-boxes, candlesticks, drinking cups and tankards, machines for cutting cabbage, and lamps in which codliver oil was burned. The third story has offices and bedrooms. These beds are even more curious than the Dutch beds. They are like the berths of a ship, closed on one side with hinged or sliding doors. On the other side they have shutters opening to a passage beyond, so that the maids could make the beds without going into the rooms.

Early each Saturday morning the fish-market opens. Let us visit it. On the shore 150 or 200 fishing-boats are drawn up, and there the owners cry their wares. All Bergen must be out to buy fish, judging by the crowd around the railing. There seems to be more cod than anything else, but we see some fine large halibut. Some must surely weigh 150 pounds. These are cut in large slices, as steak is cut in our home markets. Besides the cod and

halibut, there are herrings, flounders, and haddocks. And what wrangling there is over prices! The buyers try to beat down the fishermen, and the fishermen put up their prices so they may be beaten down and still sell for a good price. The two even come to angry words sometimes, but they do not lay it up against each other. The prices really are ridiculously low; for a small sum one can buy fish enough to last a family a week.

But fish is not the only thing sold on fish-market day. Here are long tables of vegetables, fruit and

flowers. Here and there are rosy girls with firkins of butter swinging from a wooden yoke over the shoulder. A pint of berries, a bunch of flowers, a string of onions, is often all one person will bring, yet nothing is too small to be sold at market. There



GOING TO MARKET

is no time wasted waiting to sell these trifles, for while the good women wait for a customer, they sit and knit stockings or darn old ones. They seem almost as busy as the German women of the Black Forest, who plait straw as they walk along the streets. Such quaint dress as one sees here! Wooden shoes, with no heel and only a little toe, are worn by the peasants. In front of us is a young man in kneebreeches, a jacket with open rolling collar, and a quaint hat. Over there we see a group of girls in gay scarlet petticoats and black jackets. But here is the queerest dress of all. It is the Saeterdal costume of trousers that reach to the arm-pits, and a short waistcoat trimmed with rows and rows of silver buttons. The fish-women wear blue woolen gowns, gaudy handkerchiefs, thick mufflers, and a round cap with a white band around the forehead.

Bergen is a busy city. It has churches, banks, hotels, shops, museums, art-galleries, theaters and parks. Its streets are noisy with the many drays, wagons, and carriages rattling over the stony streets. People are hurrying this way and that. Children are on their way to school with books in knapsacks thrown over their backs.

Bergen has excellent schools. In the common schools church-history and the catechism are taught. Besides the common branches, the boys have athletics and military drill to prepare them for the army. School-hours are from nine to twelve and from three to five. The industrial school is for girls between the ages of seven and sixteen. One half the time is given to study, and the other half to needlework. It is interesting indeed to see five hundred girls hemming, darning, cutting garments, and knitting! They are very ambitious to learn, and very painstaking with their work.

After a day of sight-seeing we are glad to get back

to our rooms and rest. Our hotel is a roomy twostory building with a steep red-tiled roof, and diamond-paned windows which open out and have boxes of flowers in them. The room given us is clean, but very plain. The chief thing in it is the bed. And such an array of pillows and coverings we have never seen before. The bed itself is small—very small. There is first a mattress, while on that, at the head, is a wedge-shaped pillow sloping from eight or nine inches in thickness to one inch. On top of this is a broad, square pillow and over all a sheet too small to tuck in (Norwegian sheets never tuck in), another pillow, loose blankets ready at any moment to slip off, and finally a fourth pillow, a coverlet and an eider-down puff! What work it must be to make a Bergen bed and be sure that each pillow is in its proper place!

For dinner there are ten kinds of cheese and nine kinds of sausages on the table, besides smoked reindeer tongue, sardines, smoked salmon, and flat-bread. In addition to all this, beef is brought in. It has been finely chopped and mixed with suet, eggs, milk, cracker-crumbs and spice, and fried in balls. For dessert we have a dish altogether new to us. It is thick sour milk mixed with sweetened bread-crumbs and fruit syrup, and served with sweet cream.

Our breakfast is equally hearty. It consists of boiled and fried salmon, hacked steak, omelet, four kinds of cheese, flat-bread, pickled herring and coffee. Luncheon brings hot and cold fish, chopped meat rolled into balls with rich gravy, white and brown

bread, red cheese in large balls, and our choice of tea or coffee.

The shops of Bergen are among the finest in Norway; that is, they contain just the things tourists wish to buy as souvenirs. The shopkeepers, too, are very polite and honest. Indeed, so honest are the Norwegian people that one noted traveler, who could not speak the language, used to hold out a handful of money in payment for lodging or souvenirs and let the people take their own pay. He felt sure he would never be cheated.

Let us enter this shop. If our purses were only twice as full, we might perhaps go away satisfied. The most prominent articles of sale in this, as in all Bergen shops, are umbrellas and rain-coats, for nothing is so popular as these, not only for birthday gifts, but also for confirmation presents. But as we are well supplied, we turn from them to what interests us more.

Here are quaint old tankards, beautiful enamel silver brooches, filigree chains and bracelets, and costly eiderdown cloaks, rugs, and quilts. We see a great deal of the colored embroidery used on girdles and bodices, and curious knives carved from wood or made of steel; many of these latter are etched with Norwegian flags. This tray is full of beautiful carved ivories, while over in the corner are dolls in native costume. "Almost as many different costumes as there are in the Black Forest," we cry, and immediately decide that dolls must be among the souvenirs we buy.

Bergen is a gay as well as a busy town. It is the

starting point for tourists to Hardanger and Sogne; so through all the tourist season its streets are gay with the costumes of people from other countries. The band plays on Sunday afternoons after church, and then all the best people promenade. There is much merry chatting and happy laughter, but never any disorder.

Although Bergen is much visited by people from other countries, yet here are still found many quaint and ancient customs. One of them is Flytledager, or Change-day. Change-day is the time servants change their places, and comes the middle of April and the middle of October, since servants here are hired for six months.

On these days servants leave their old places at two in the afternoon and go to the new at nine in the evening. The few hours between are made use of, you may be sure. The maids all put on their best clothes and spend the afternoon and early evening promenading the streets, where they are joined by their friends. At no other season are Bergen streets gayer than on Change-day.

Norway has had many illustrious men, but none has given to the world more joy than Bergen's famous son, Ole Bull, the great violinist. Let us visit the cemetery where he lies. A bronze urn five feet high marks the spot where he rests. On it are these words:

ALL HAIL, THOU BLESSEDEST BARD OF SONG DIVINE THY BOW

His grave looks out over the beautiful Bergen Bay he loved so well.



OLE BULL, THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST

A visit must be paid to his island home, which is still owned by his family. It is not far from the city, and is called Lysoe, or "Isle of Light." The old monks gave it this name seven hundred years ago. Lichen-covered boulders and low hills covered with birch, spruce and pine make up the six hundred acres which constitute this beautiful home.

The house consists of a hall and two or three servants' cottages. The hall itself is yellow with a tower at one corner and a portico in front. Winding stairs lead to the music-room on the second floor. Here the great musician lived on the happiest terms with his peasants and poorer neighbors. Every year he gave them a feast and dance. One of the dainties of the feast was always smörbrod. The guests always brought their own fiddler. Ole Bull dearly loved to make these people happy.

We make a special trip to the old church of Borgund, which, although a good distance away, well

repays us.

It is a wooden building, black with age and also from the coats of tar which have been put upon it to preserve it. In shape it is a little like a Chinese pagoda, its six tiers of roofs being very sloping and its gables tipped with crosses or with the beaks of ancient Viking ships.

The church was built eight hundred years ago, and is the oldest complete building in Norway. Its width is only twenty feet, while its length is forty feet. The roofs and sides are covered with long shingles having rounded lower edges. Inside, it is open to the roof. The only light which enters is

through a kind of cloister around its base. There is no longer any service held in this quaint old building.

### AN ENGINEERING FEAT

And now let us see what railroad engineering in Norway is like. Nowhere else can we understand this better than on the road from Bergen to Vossevangen, a distance of sixty-seven miles. We learn



CARRYING BERRIES TO MARKET

that the trip will take four hours. It seems as though we have only nicely started when suddenly we find ourselves in one of the tunnels for which this road is famous. Another and another and still another! In such quick succession do they come that we

have to give all our time to counting them. We fear no one will believe us when we say that in the sixty-seven miles we have counted fifty-five tunnels; yet this is actually true! Two trains each way a day are run between these two places.

The hotel of Vossevangen is rather a pretentious three-story building of modern style with many gables, and a piazza overlooking a pretty lake. To the back rises the wooded slope of a hill.

Vossevangen is a prosperous place, for it is the market-garden of Bergen. Most of the fruits and vegetables in the Bergen markets came from this little town. As we walk up and down the streets, waiting for the train to Bergen, we see load after load of potatoes, peas, beans, and strawberries and other fruits on their way to the station to be shipped to the Rainy City.

A regiment of soldiers, too, is being sent through Vossevangen. The men wear helmets, and silver-colored ornaments on their gray uniforms, while the officers are dressed in blue and gold. A very jolly company they are, as, like ourselves, they walk up and down the streets.

The Norwegian army is small, but able to do much brave fighting because of its careful training. There has, however, been no opportunity to try its real strength for many years, for Norway has long enjoyed peace. Norwegian boys receive military drill in many of the schools. Later, the life of a soldier is followed as earnestly as a Norwegian youth follows any calling he chooses. The king is the commander-in-chief of the army.

There is in the Norwegian army a corps of skaters, or skiers. They are armed with repeating rifles. It is said they can move as rapidly as the best trained cavalry, and have astonished the officers of other nations in their practice contests. They can travel on the ice a distance of eighty miles a day, carrying all their equipments.

Every able-bodied young man when he reaches the age fixed by law must serve in the army. The only exception made is in the case of the men of Finnmark, the northernmost province of Norway. The Government considers that the Finnmarkers have enough to do to wrest their living from the frozen soil of that Arctic land, so they are exempted from the long service required of others.

#### HARDANGER

One day's journey from Bergen brings us to the last fjord we shall visit—beautiful Hardanger, the fjord most visited by tourists. The captain of our steamer tells us it is 68 miles long, but with all its arms it measures 140 miles.

From an island outside the fjord a little boat brings our Norwegian pilot, who climbs the rope ladder like a cat. Steering a vessel between these many islands is a difficult task, but he takes the helm as though it were the simplest thing in the world.

And now it is lunch time; but in order that we may not miss too much of the beautiful scenery, the steamer slows up until we are on deck again. Partly by islands and partly by points of land locked together, Hardanger is divided into a number of sections which seem much like lakes.

"How different from Sogne!" all exclaim, as the beautiful view opens out before us. The scenery of Hardanger is famed not only for its grandeur, but for its beauty and variety as well. Countless little islands of green like the one we have passed fill the entrance, while upon Hardanger's highest

mountain-top is the snow-mantle of the Folgefond. From this snow-mass descend several glaciers which terminate in leaping, sparkling waterfalls. Lower on the mountainside grow grass and firs, alders and birches, making this fjord much less drear than Sogne.

Hardanger has many farms and red-tiled peasant cottages upon its lower slopes. Fields of golden grain wave in the sunlight. The water is a beautiful azure, and the sky is bright. Even the faces of the Hardanger people are in marked contrast to those



MAKING HAY

of the people of Sogne. Here the peasants seem contented and happy, while there they were haggard and worn.

The Hardanger costume is the gayest and most picturesque of all Norway. The women wear a dark but bright short skirt bordered with bright velvet and tinsel, over which is a long apron, often with gay stripes running crosswise or a border of the Hardanger embroidery now seen in the stores at home. The bright red bodice is cut low and

heavily beaded in a design looking much like a breastplate, with dangling disks and ornaments. Underneath the bodice is a full-sleeved white waist.

Married women wear a peculiar winged head-dress of white, with crimped cambric fastened close around the face and rolled over a wooden frame. It flares very broadly at the sides, and hangs far down the back. The women often have fancy pockets hanging at the side from which they take their knitting as they walk along. The hair of the Hardanger girls is braided with ribbons, and sometimes a little beaded cap is worn. The men of Hardanger wear very wide trousers of coarse homespun, and slouch hats. Their jackets have many silver buttons. The quaint silver jewelry worn by the peasants of this region has many pendent disks and crosses.

As our steamer glides up this long arm of Hardanger, the shores press close together. Steep mountains rise on either side. At the head of the fjord nestles the little village of Odde, well-known to tourists.

In the distance are a number of glaciers, which end in waterfalls, for this valley is an outlet of the Folgefonden glacier, an immense perpetual snowmass measuring 108 square miles. One of its streams is called the Buarbrae. It flows through a valley so narrow that the glacier fills it completely and stands a wall of ice four or five hundred feet high. At the foot of the glacier are a number of grottoes, out of which the melted glacier flows as a sparkling, dashing, foaming waterfall. Over this stream is a wicker bridge which looks too frail to be trusted.

This is surely the region of waterfalls! Besides the Buarbrae stream there is the Laatefos, one of the grandest falls in Norway, while within sight of Odde is also the Espelandsfos, almost as beautiful as Laatefos. Besides these, only a good day's journey away, we are told, is what some judges hold to be the finest fall in all the country, the Skaeggedalfos. Then, for one who is not afraid of hard climbing, there is the Round Valley Fall to be visited. From the foot of the cataract one can look up and see the water leap over the ledge, over eight hundred feet above, in one great mass, and then dash to spray below. The noise is deafening. The black and frowning cliff hangs over one.

On account of the beautiful scenery surrounding it, the little town of Odde has become famous. It is famous, also, for its violins, the finest being the "Hardanger." These have six under strings and four upper, the upper tuned either in unison or harmony.

One would think that so near the great snow-cap of the Folgefond strawberries would never grow, yet grow they do in surprising quantities. We meet children on the road selling them in green leaf-baskets.

## THE NORWEGIAN PEOPLE

The men of Norway are rather thickly and strongly built, though not very tall. Both men and women have fair complexions, light, silky hair, and the very bluest of eyes. First cousins, indeed, they must be to the ancient Angles of whom St. Gregory said when he beheld them, "Not Angles but angels!"

The Norwegians are absolutely honest. If any

article of our baggage is mislaid we need have no fear. It may be a little slow in being returned to us, but returned it will surely be, and in good condi-



NORWEGIAN WOMAN

tion. Then, too, Norwegianshopkeepers do not try to take advantage of tourist-customers, either in prices or in making change.

These people are courteous, kind - hearted, and hospitable. All questions concerning routes, historical places, beautiful scenery, or Norwegian life are answered politely, and a real interest is taken

in those who come from other lands. Often the Norwegians put themselves out a great deal to serve travelers. They always set before their guests the best fare at their disposal, though it may be plain. The cordial custom of shaking hands with strangers is followed here in so hearty a way as to make one from another land feel quite at home.

These descendants of the Vikings show as much perseverance and bravery in battling with their poor soil and frost-locked lands as did the old sea kings in battling with the waves. Norway stands abreast of the leading countries of the world in culture, education and general advancement, if not in material wealth. No other nation, however, keeps its position with so terrible an effort as Norway, so we should honor and admire the Norwegians for what they have accomplished.

Although the Norwegian people come much in contact with other nations, they cling to their simple ways, quaint dress, and interesting customs. Even their names are distinctive. If the father's name is Ole Johnson, his oldest son's name will be Ole Oleson, and all the rest of his sons will have Oleson for their surname, and the daughters will bear the name of Olesdatter (Ole's daughter). The first grandson, however, will be named after his grandfather.

It is not surprising that Norway has produced a long list of noted men, for the disadvantages of soil and climate in this Northland have served to make the people not only brave and hardy, but perservering and thoughtful. These qualities, added to the excellent schools of Norway, give the Norwegians as a nation a very high degree of intelligence.

### NORWEGIAN SCHOOLS

The schools, although far apart in the thinly settled regions, are excellent. Every child is compelled to attend school, and there are few Norwegians who cannot read and write. German and English are

spoken by many of the people. These languages are taught in a number of the schools. There is throughout the land a great respect for education. The handsomest building in a town or village is usually the schoolhouse, and teachers, governesses, and tutors are looked up to with the utmost respect and esteem.

In the common schools reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, Bible history and the catechism are taught. In many schools the boys have gymnastics and military drill. Once a year all the boys of the public schools unite for a military parade. This is made a gala-day. Some of the schools have bands, which furnish the music, and after the parade the boys are given a grand feast.

Another great day, though a trying one, in the life of a Norwegian boy or girl is that of the public examination before the parish pastor and the other members of the school committee. Every child over nine must take this examination. In Norway the Church and the schools are very closely connected. Not only the Church but the law forbids any boy or girl being confirmed who has not been sent to school to receive religious teaching, and who cannot read the Bible.

In many of the wild and remote parts of the country the people are too scattered to maintain a school. In such regions teachers are sent from farm to farm, living with each family for a time in order to teach the children. These home schools are called "Ambulatory Schools."

In a number of towns industrial schools similar to that of Bergen have been started. Here boys

learn the different trades and girls the household arts. Besides these there are agricultural schools, schools of forestry, a military and naval school, an art school, six schools of navigation, and at the head of all the famous University of Norway at Christiania,

which has drawn its pupils from nearly all the countries of Europe as well as from the home land.

Indeed, Norway
may justly be
proud of her
school system,
and it is largely
to the opportunities afforded
them for learning that the Nor-



NORWEGIAN CHILDREN

wegians owe the self-respect and self-reliance for which they are noted the world over.

The little folks of Norway are very carefully reared. They are taught to revere the aged, and to look upon the grandfather's blessing as something very serious and important. They respect highly their pastor and teacher, and show them great deference.

Norwegian babies are rolled up in bandages much like German babies. A Norwegian mother often ties her little one up in a shawl and carries it on her back to the hayfield, but once there the baby is

hung to the limb of a birch or spruce for the wind to rock to sleep. At home its cradle is often only a box hung from the ceiling by stout cords fastened to the corners.

As soon as a Norwegian child is old enough to use his little hands at all he is taught to do some useful work. The girls learn to knit, spin and weave upon the large hand-looms still found in many homes. While still very young they learn the simpler patterns of the home-made embroidery, lace and beading. They are also taught to make butter and cheese, to cook, and care for the household clothing and provisions. Norwegian boys early begin their lessons in gardening, tool-making, and wood-carving.

The girls dress much like their mothers, with the exception of the head-dress, which is lacking in the girls' costume. The boys' costume closely resembles that of their fathers. Even the very poorest children have neat clothes to wear to school, for in this the parents take much pride.

# SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

It would almost seem that the Norwegians, with the hard work they are obliged to do, and the dreariness of the country, especially in winter, would have few amusements, but such is not the case. These people seem to get much enjoyment out of simple pastimes. The long dark winter is the principal season for pleasure, though the summer has its share.

The summer season is longer than one would suppose. When winter does break up, it vanishes as though by magic, and summer comes with a bound.

By May city people move to their summer homes and a round of pleasure begins. Picnics, fishing, boating, and all kinds of outdoor games make the fjords at this season almost as gay as in the winter. Bathing is always a popular sport, though somewhat dangerous for any but good swimmers. The fjords are very deep and the shores very steep. Sometimes, too, there are jelly-fish about with a poison which stings the skin of the bather. Many of the villas have bathhouses with cages to keep the jelly-fish out.

In winter and spring the men go in small parties up the steep, snow-covered mountainsides to hunt bears in the dense forests. In the north and west wild reindeer and the giant elk also are tracked over the snow. Sometimes a Norway elk stands 6½ feet high and weighs 1,500 pounds. In Norway the elk are more numerous during severe winters than at any other time. It is said they are driven to seek shelter from Russian wolves. The wolf is afraid to cross the metal rails of the Trondhjem-Christiania railway, and the elk is not, so it seeks safety by crossing the line. The elk is hunted with dogs trained for the purpose.

The fjords, lakes and rivers are very gay in winter. Then men, women, and children go out on the ice to skate. They practive fancy figures and high speed skating and often hold contests for prizes. A very pretty sight it must be to see hundreds of people on the ice at night, each carrying his torch.

One would think that everyone is out for a good time; yet the fishermen come to ply their trade in sober earnest. They appear, however, to have as



much fun as anyone. They may be seen pigging almost any day in winter. *Pigging* is sitting on a sled and pushing it along with two spiked sticks. Over rough ice these fishermen can go faster on a sled than on skates, and can also carry their fishing tackle more easily. They cut holes in the ice through which to fish. This makes skating exceedingly dangerous, but danger seems only to make the sport more attractive.

Sleighing is another favorite pastime in Norway. At Christmas sleighing parties are often formed to ride even the long distance from Christiania to one of the western fjords. Such a ride takes four or five days. Women as well as men enjoy these long sleigh rides in midwinter.

Great interest is taken in racing, and there are trotting clubs all over the country. Instead of the races being held in mild weather on a ground track, they take place in the winter, on ice. The races usually meet during the second week of February. Then not only do all the villagers go down to the lake to witness the gay scene, but people from all parts come, by rail, by post-road, on foot, and on skis. Norwegian races are as gay as the Derby in England. The quaint, bright dress of both men and women make the scene a festive one, for here are usually to be seen the picturesque peasant costumes from many sections.

Coasting is another Norwegian amusement. The sled may be long enough only for one, or it may seat eight. Usually it holds only two. The steering is done with a pole fifteen or twenty feet long, held at

one end in the hand and gripped between the arm and the side. The other end of the pole trails off



IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

behind over the snow and serves the same purpose as the rudder of a boat.

The national sport, however, is not skating or racing or coasting, but skiing. Skis are long, narrow skates turned up at the front end like a toboggan and fastened to the

feet by straps. Think of wearing skates ten feet long! It requires infinite skill, too, to use them. They must be kept exactly parallel, or the ends are sure to hit together and trip one up.

Skis were first used, and are still used, as a means of travel in districts where there are no highways or where the roads are buried under deep snow. On skis one can travel where it would be impossible for a horse or man to walk. Few sports give such opportunity of showing presence of mind and courage as this.

A great skiing contest is held near Christiania about the middle of February. There are really two contests—a time-race thirteen miles across coun-

try, and a leaping race on the slope of a hill, with a lake at its foot.

Early in the morning of the day on which the leaping race occurs, the roads are thronged with people come to witness the leap, or hoprend, as they call it. The slope is 190 yards in length, and the startingpoint is 160 feet above the lake, while the terrace from which the leap is made is two-thirds of the way down. The whole descent takes only from seven to nine seconds. The leap here is 90 feet, but 100 in some places is not uncommon, and even 120 was once made.

Dancing is popular in Norway, and in some parts forms almost the only entertainment at the long winter evening parties, at fairs, and at weddings. There are few Norwegians who cannot dance, and many are very pretty dancers, though the Norwegian

dances are very unlike ours.

## HOLIDAYS

Norway seems to have its share of holidays. National Independence Day, the day corresponding to our Fourth of July, comes on May 17th. It celebrates the freeing of Norway from Danish rule, and is observed much as is our Fourth, with cannons, fireworks, and big parades, but without the fire-crackers.

Everywhere on Independence Day flags are seen, as in fact they are on nearly all fête-days and even on birthdays. The Norwegians make more of their flag than even we make of our Stars and Stripes. They seem to think that people of other lands must love it, too, for everywhere it is displayed in the shops, among souvenirs for foreigners.

In this interesting country there are two Christ-

mases—one on the 25th of December, as with us, and another on the 21st of June—only neither is called Christmas. The winter holiday is Jule, or



A CHURCH YARD

Yule, and the summer, St. Han's or St. John's Day. St. John's marks the longest day in the year. Balefires are lighted to celebrate the triumph of light over darkness, the victory of the summer sun over the long winter night. In some localities every

family lights its fire and some people set their boats ablaze, letting them drift out upon the waters of the fjord as a funeral-rite for the death of darkness at the hand of the summer sun.

On St. John's Day everything is decked in green, but the greens are not the same as those of Yuletide. On this midsummer holiday principally beech and birch are used for decorations. Carts, wagons, carriages and even railway locomotives are trimmed, and nearly every window of every house has a branch of green sticking out of it. City people go into the country, and country people go into the city. All feast and have a jolly time.

The Norwegians have one pretty custom both on St. Han's Day and at Yule-tide. They put out sheaves of rye or barley on a pole as a feast for the birds. This is so regular a practice that many people keep their pole always standing near the house or fastened to the roof of the barn.

Of all the holidays in this Northland Christmas is the most joyous. The Scandinavians used to believe that Jule was the giant of darkness and that Baldur (or some say Thor), was the god of light. These two had a battle twice a year. In December the sun-god got the worst of it, but at midsummer he conquered Jule. A Jule, or Yule log was burned in December as a prophecy that in the next battle the god of light would again win.

The Yule decorations are of pine, spruce, and fir. Everything is trimmed as on St. John's Day. The good housewife goes to the storehouse and takes down a part of the flat-bread from where the big round cakes are hanging by a string passed through a hole in their center. This is to be given to the poor to make their Christmas happier.

The Yule-tide celebration, however, really begins two weeks before. The house is carefully swept, the tables are scrubbed, and the greens are gathered. These are not merely hung on the wall, as with us, but are also sprinkled over the floor. The women bake sweet-cakes and a fresh supply of flat-bread, while the men hunt the deer or fish. A sheep is killed and made into sausage, which takes the place of our Christmas turkey. The tree is brought into the hall and hung with candles. The greens are placed on wall

and floor, and all the fine dishes and old tankards are brought out.

When all is ready the family hold prayers, and then the children light candles and hang them around the room; after this is finished all look with happy eyes toward the beautiful tree.

The Christmas dinner-table is long and narrow. In the middle is a big pile of flat-bread, while around it are dishes of cheese, a large roll of butter,



AN OLD NORSE CHURCH

often weighing twenty or thirty pounds, and brown bread of rye or barley, with prunes, caraway, and spice in it. When this course is finished, the family sings songs. Then come fish and sausage, potatoes and onions, and lastly the cakes are brought on.

When the meal is ended all say, "Thank you," to the mother and lead her into the next room while they sing carols.

Yule lasts till January 6th. After the first day, which is generally spent at home or with relatives, there is much visiting among neighboring families, and at these gatherings dancing is the usual entertainment.

Of holiday sports the children have their full share. At Yule-tide they are given many pleasures. They are allowed to wear their prettiest clothes, which for the girls are dresses of gay homespun, and for the boys garments of bright colors, especially red and blue. On Chrstimas Eve it is the children who light the candles on the tree as well as those which are placed around the room.

Later, on the same evening, each child takes a lighted torch to guide him on his way to church. It is really beautiful to see all these lights moving toward the same place. The children carry with them gifts for the poor, for they are taught while young to sympathize with those in need. After the service the pastor stands at the front of the church with his back to them, to receive their gifts. And then what a race there is for home! for the one who gets there first is supposed to be the happiest child for the whole year to come.

The children are sure to be up bright and early on Christmas morning, for this is the time they are allowed to play their little pranks. Sometimes the boys tie their sister in bed, or steal her shoes, or lock her into her room. But these jokes are all taken good-naturedly.

Often it is the children who gather the grain in the autumn for the birds' Christmas dinner, or save their pennies to buy it with. On Chirstmas, too, the dog has his chain taken off and the cows are fed twice as much as usual. In all this the children delight to take part.

On Christmas night there is a sudden rap at the

door and in rush a number of maskers, who make jokes and sing songs until the ale is passed, when they disappear as suddenly as they came. Finally the time comes for the children to form a procession and march around the tree, singing carols as they march. Before the presents are distributed, however, they sit down, each child being allowed to go to the tree for his gift when his name is called.

Norway has a kind of Santa Claus-though not one like ours—who gives presents. Nys is his name, and he is a sort of brownie, though he is often represented as having a long white beard and white hair, a jolly face and dress of fur. Nys is a cheery old fellow, if only he can have his own way, but one must be careful not to cross him. Christmas Eve is his very own, so special pains are taken to please him by setting his favorite dishes outside the door for him. These are pudding and Yule cakes. Of course he can pass through a door though it be barred, but he wishes to find his food waiting for him outside. If it is not there, woe be to that household! The farm animals, perhaps, will all be tired the next day because Nys has been playing tricks upon them and keeping them awake; or perhaps everything around the barn will be in confusion.

If, however, Nys finds his Yule dish outside, often the chores are all done when the father goes to the barn in the morning. The horses have been curried the wood split, and the cows milked, having given two or three times the usual amount of milk. One must never speak of Nys above a whisper, as that is particularly displeasing to him.

### A NORWEGIAN WEDDING

And now most happily for us we have been invited to a Hardanger wedding, for at a Hardanger wedding we shall see the gayest of all Norwegian bridal costumes. Our good landlady knows how interested we are, and has asked the privilege of taking us with her to see a young friend of hers married.

We set out early for the fjord, for the wedding party are to come by boat, and we are anxious that no part of this interesting ceremony escape us. Soon they come around a turn in the fjord. The boat ahead contains the bride and groom, and is trimmed with flags and garlands of bright flowers, and gay streamers at the mast-head. It is a twenty-oared boat and holds nearly all the party, though three or four small boats follow at a little distance.

The bride and groom sit on a raised seat in the stern, and look very happy and gay in their bridal costumes. The bride wears a white waist, with full sleeves gathered into a band at the wrist and over this a bright red gold-embroidered bodice with straps over the shoulder and trimming of gold lace. It is something the shape of the bib of a kitchen apron. The girdle is embroidered to match the bodice. Three stripes of embroidery down the front trim the white apron, which is worn over a full dark-green skirt.

The bride also wears the quaint old silver brooches, rings, and pendants, and the rich silver crown that have all been in her family for generations, perhaps for centuries. The crown is of filigree with little bars topped with silver balls standing high and flar-

ing at the top. From these hang little chains with scalloped ornaments at the ends, which dangle back and forth with very move of the head.

A short round jacket fastened with one button below the neck, but having rows of silver buttons at the side, is a part of the bridegroom's costume. His waistcoat has the same kind of buttons, only smaller, while etiquette seems to prescribe trousers of homespun ending at the knee, and shoes with buckles. A tall felt hat completes his costume.

The church floor is strewn with juniper twigs. A long black gown and big white ruff is the costume worn by the minister. His sober dress sets off well the gay costume of the bride and groom. Although we do not understand all the ceremony, it seems very solemn and impressive.

The bridal party go home as they came, in their boats, the rowers singing native songs as they row.

When they return to the bride's home there will be great doings, with a big feast, firing of guns, and dancing. Besides flat-bread, many kinds of meat, fish, and cheese, salads, and desserts, one of the great dainties will be *smörbrod*. This is above all a wedding dish. In olden times the wedding festival used to last a whole week.

It is the custom here in Norway for the groom to carve the beautiful family treasure chest, and also to cut mottoes over the doors and on the bed-posts. These carvings are long treasured in the family, like the silver crowns and brooches. Over a doorway is sometimes carved this motto: "God save this house; bless also all who go in and all who go out here."

## NORSE VIKINGS

The ancient Vikings furnish the most interesting chapter in all Norwegian history. Every one has heard or read of them. Some of us, indeed, saw the Viking ship which Norway sent to the Columbian Exposition. In the museum of the University of Christiania is the vessel—more than a thousand years old—after which the Columbian ship was modeled.

The Vikings, as we know, lived long ago. They were bold Scandinavian seamen who sailed in their quaint boats to the shores of other countries, first to plunder, and finally to settle. The word *vik* in Old Norse meant *creek*, so the Vikings were lords of the creeks and the fjords.

The old Viking ships were long and narrow, with a high prow and stern terminating in a carved figure, usually a dragon's head. These figure-heads were nearly always painted in bright colors, as were, also, the great round wooden shields along the side of the ship. Red, white and black were favorite shield-colors. These old vessels were often large enough to carry a hundred or more men.

At the end of the eighth century the Norsemen learned the use of sails from the Romans, and very picturesque their ships then looked. Sometimes the sails were white, but usually they were of bright colors, and often gayly striped. A preparation of oil and tar was smeared over them, as the sails of fishing boats to-day are sometimes treated, to prevent mildew.

With the Norsemen's adoption of sails began the

great Viking Age. The men of the north ventured across the sea and ravaged the coast of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and even the Mediterranean countries. For a thousand years one of the titles of the Norwegian ruler has been "King of the Goths," and King Oscar includes it in his title to-day.

The ancient Viking boat was not only the bold Norseman's home on the ocean wave, but his sepulcher as well. When a Viking died, he was laid in his ship (which had been drawn up on shore), his wargear and drinking horn beside him, while near him were placed his faithful dog and war-steed. The vessel was headed toward the sea, so that when called once more into life by Odin, the chieftain might be ready to start upon another voyage over the waves he loved. The boat was covered with birch-bark, then with blue-clay and buried deep, with a mound of earth and stones to mark the spot.

In earlier times a Viking's burial was still more imposing. His beloved ship was anchored upon the shore and his body laid within. Not only were his jewels and weapons, and favorite steed placed beside him, but even his servants and members of his family took their stand upon the ship to meet death by the hero's side, for this was his funeral pyre. The vessel was set on fire and the anchor loosed. Then the ship, all aflame, drifted out into the sunset.

Not only did these bold Vikings plunder and subdue countries of Europe, but they even crossed the Atlantic in their high-prowed ships to Iceland, Greenland, and the mainland of America. To-day their descendants are coming by the thousands to America and finding homes, chiefly in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

Not only have the Norsemen made their own country great, but they have added much to our land. The home farms are so small and scanty, fishing so dangerous, and other occupations so crowded that many of the younger people have been forced to seek in America the opportunities they long for. Spring is the favorite season for emigration. Then the wharves of Norwegian ports are lined with those who are going to try their fortunes in other lands. Good Friday is the favorite sailing day, since these pious people believe that this holy day signifies the burial of all their past troubles and that the future will be like a glad Easter morning, when new life shall come to them.

But how can we leave this wonderful land—this land of mountains and ice-fields, of waterfalls and fjords, this land of the midnight sun—which has repaid us so many times over, for what seemed perhaps at times difficult traveling? Yet other lands await us and we must say farewell.

## NATIONAL HYMN OF NORWAY.

"JA VI ELSKER DETTE LANDET."



# A LITTLE JOURNEY

# THROUGH SWEDEN

#### INTRODUCTION

Our visit to Norway has made us wish to visit her twin sister, Sweden, in her northern Scandinavian home. The two countries together make one think of some long-necked animal, opening its mouth to swallow little Denmark. Still, appearances do not always count. A country may look very small upon the map, and yet be quite powerful.

Little Denmark ruled Norway for four hundred years, and then handed her over to Sweden without so much as asking Norway if she liked it or not. It happened that the Norsemen did *not* like it, and rebelled. But Sweden conquered them and a union was arranged, with one king to rule over both countries. It seems as if these two sister countries might have lived together in peace and harmony, and so they did for many, many years, but disagreements arose during the year 1905 and for a time it seemed as if there might be war again.

King Oscar II. did not like to lose one-half of his people and one-third of his land at once, but he is an old man now and did not wish to war with part of his children. Then, too, the Scandinavians have grown



OSCAR II, KING OF SWEDEN

more sensible than their warlike Viking ancestors. They have seen the evil results of strife, and a separation was arranged, without the shedding of blood.

Swedish people speak of Sweden as "Mother Svea" (Svā), and more loyal children or a more devoted mother it would be hard to find. Her homestead is

not on the world's great highway of the ocean, but situated where it looks out on the quiet Baltic sea.

She has taught her children to depend not upon outsiders, but upon their own industry and ingenuity. She tells them that since she has less to sell than many of her neighbors, they must get along without buying, if what they can raise at home will in any way answer their purpose.

"Since we have no coal," she says, "you must set your brains to work to contrive a stove which will give the most heat possible from the wood of our forests, and invent the best wood furnace for smelting and manufacturing our iron ore into the finest steel the world has ever known. Never mind if we cannot raise much wheat; look well to our rye and barley fields, for after all, black bread makes us much stronger and healthier than white bread, and we can raise plenty of potatoes to help out. And as to the thin cotton our Southern neighbors wear, why, we do not need it. We are much more comfortable in the clothing our good sheep provide. Weave all the cotton the neighbors send us, to sell abroad, but keep for your own clothes the flax and wool that we raise at home."

So Mother Svea is content to live on in the same quiet, dignified, happy way, as in old times, looking well to the ways of her household, and ready to welcome with a most cordial greeting any guest who knocks at her doors.

What parts of Svea's homestead shall we find most interesting, and when shall we visit her, and what shall we take with us? Of one thing we may be sure: She will be especially glad to see us between the first of

June and the last of August. These are her "at home" months for receiving her guests, and at this season we shall find her at her best.

Although Sweden resembles Norway in many respects, in others it is quite different. Norway is for the most part a great plateau, while Sweden is largely a plain, with much marsh-land and hundreds of lakes.

Instead of the crags and peaks and wild grandeur of Norway, we shall, except in the far north, find upland and meadow, forest and cultivated valley, with towns and villages and many a comfortable red farmhouse.

Agriculture is the leading industry of Sweden, though nearly one-half of the country is covered with forests, and lumber is its greatest article of export.

Sweden comprises the eastern and southern parts of the Scandinavian Peninsula. Its greatest length from north to south is 986 miles, and its greatest width 286 miles, while its area, to be exact, is 170,713 square miles. This means it is as large as the nine kingdoms of Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Saxony, Greece, and Servia, all put together. It is divided into three parts: the southern is called Gottland, the central Svealand, or Sweden proper, while the northern is called Norrland, though its northern and northwestern portions are known as Lapland.

The two principal cities are on the coast, Stockholm, the capital, and Goeteborg (got'en-börg) or Gothen-burg, the chief center for exports.

# GOTTLAND

#### GOETEBORG

AFTER the ocean voyage to Liverpool, a trip by rail across England, and two days on the North Sea, we enter the Goeta (ge'-tä), the watery avenue which bears us to Goeteborg, our chosen entrance-gate to Sweden.

One of the first sights we have of Goeteborg as we steam up the river is a rocky height crowned by an old gray stone castle. This is "The Crown." The city itself lies low along its rivers and canals, the harbor is full of vessels from foreign lands, for Goeteborg carries on trade with nearly every part of the world and owns a large merchant fleet of her own. Though the country lies so far north, the harbor, we are told, is rarely frozen over.

Here are vessels loaded with timber from northern and central Sweden, some to be used as lumber, some as masts for sailing vessels, and some to be ground into paper pulp. Just leaving its dock is a steamer loaded with tools and machinery made of Sweden's famous steel in Sweden's shops, and quantities of even finer steel to be made into cutlery and watch-springs, articles which require the very finest product of the steel-workers' skill. That large vessel just entering the harbor has coal for some of the many Swedish foundries and machine shops, for Sweden has almost no coal of her own. Over yonder is a freight steamer

with a variety of goods to be distributed among various Swedish towns; chief among its cargo are raw cotton, wheat, flour and other food-stuffs that Sweden cannot herself produce. At the wharves are two vessels load-



GOETEBORG HARBOR

ing with nothing but fish. One is to carry Norwegian cod and Swedish ling to foreign ports, and the other has salmon from Svea's crystal streams and trout from her clear lakes, herring from the western coast and stromming from the Baltic.

These wharves we have been watching are only for the large sea-going steamers. The steamers plying on Goeta Canal all land at wharves of their own farther up the river, while the fishing boats lie in a canal near the southern end of the wharves.

Along the shore of the harbor hang long lines of fish nets to dry, while a little farther back are sheds for curing fish, and also many fish hung on open frames to dry.

This city of Goeteborg, or "Fortress of the Goeta," is five miles from the sea. It is Sweden's second city in size, and in it dwell one hundred thousand of her sons and daughters. In commerce it ranks first among her cities, and for this reason she calls it her Liverpool.

Goeteborg is a quaint old town, built with canals for streets, after the manner of Dutch cities. Much of the city resembles Rotterdam, though a number of the buildings are after the French fashion; the houses are generally three stories high and mainly of brick, for Goeteborg, like other Swedish cities, takes great precautions against fire.

This old city is laid out like so many cities in Germany, the older part in the center being surrounded by a beautiful Ring Strasse, and the newer part built outside this. The center of old Goeteborg is the Gustavus Adolphus Market, named for a favorite king of by-gone days. Here stands a statue of the hero, clad in military cloak, high boots, and plumed hat, with finger pointing toward a distant part of the city.

How fortunate that we have come on Wednesday, for Wednesdays and Saturdays are the great market days, and from the great number of wares displayed, the city must do a thriving business. Here are piles of cheap furniture and piles upon piles of fire-wood

neatly corded up in great cages or racks in order to measure it. Over on the other side sit rows of old women behind great masses of flowers and vegetables, or baskets of plums, apples, and cherries. The women



MAKKET WOMEN-GOETEBORG

wear soft padded clothing, with one shawl pinned around the shoulders and another over the head. Men at little booths are selling sausages, hams, smoked salmon, and even American pork, but the chief article of

food in their stock seems to be dried and salted fish.

On one side of the Market is the Exchange, on another the Town Hall, built about two hundred and fifty years ago by the great architect Tessin, of whom Sweden is so proud. On a third side is the Museum, in the old building of the once famous Dutch East India Company. Besides its collection of fine paintings, the Museum has many natural history specimens, and historical relics of the Stone Age in Sweden; also a very complete display of Sloyd work, in which Sweden leads the world.

Turning to the east, we pass the old moat, which once surrounded the town, and come to the beautiful Gardens of the Garden Society of Goeteborg. One might spend a whole day here, strolling under the

grand old trees, lingering in the hothouses to admire the rare plants brought with so much care from distant lands, or simply enjoying the landscape of the Gardens. In the evening, as long as the season lasts, there is music.



GOETEBORG, KUNGSPORTS AVENUE

We enjoy a row on the old moat, which we passed on the way to the Gardens. This moat is now used for pleasure and not protection. Dozens of gailypainted little pleasure boats are skimming over its waters, and we join the procession, in order to get a view of the city.

Some of the streets we pass by in the newer part of the city seem to have as fine residences as New York or Paris. In front of the New Theatre we notice the celebrated statue known as the "Belt Duelists," or Wrestlers, representing a mode of wrestling common among the lower classes in Sweden until the last cen-

tury.

Now we leave our boats and cross to the Ring Strasse of Goeteborg. It is called the New Alleé (al-la'), and sweeps for a mile around the old town just outside the moat. This Alleé is the pride of Goeteborg, with its double row of fine elms on each side and its handsome residences. We are just in time to see the daily promenade of the city's fashionable people, which lasts from two to three in the afternoon. No good Goeteborger thinks his day complete without a ride or drive up and down the Alleé.

A visit to Slottskog's Park, quite outside the city, is worth the journey. It is very beautiful, with its cliffs, oak groves, ponds, fountains, and curving drives, reminding us of our own Central Park in New York.

Look at this group of Swedish maids, with their flax-colored hair and rosy cheeks. The black silk hand-kerchiefs tied round their heads and under their chins make their pink and white faces seem even more fair than those of their mistresses. How well and strong every one looks!

The nurse maids are giving their little charges an airing, and other children are playing about while their mothers enjoy a chat. That man in the gray-blue uniform with black leather trimming and spurs and sabre, is an artillery man taking his exercise. The Swedes, like the Germans, spend much time in the open air.

We return by way of the cathedral, whose high

tower can be seen from distant parts of the city. It was built diagonally across the square, so that its choir might face due east.

Of all the cities of Sweden Goeteborg, from its position, is best adapted to ship-building and fitting out naval expeditions. In its great yards are built both steamers and sailing craft. Here is a big steamer being built to ply between England and Sweden. Its great framework, as it towers high above us, seems like the skeleton of some monster. Over yonder, masts are being fitted to a schooner, while farther on the finishing touches are being given to one of the long low fishing boats, with prow and stern rising high in the form of a dragon's head.

We visit the shops for souvenirs to take home, and this is what we find: a beautiful hand-carved wooden pin-tray that resembles the very boat we saw a little while ago in the yards. Its two handles rise high in dragon form, and its low sides have disks resembling the row of round shields that were always hung on the side of the ancient Viking ships; a quaint wooden candle-stick; a pretty wooden work-box, its cover projecting over the box itself in four long points at the corners and held down by wooden wedges, both box and cover are gaily painted in red, blue, and yellow. These boxes are made in all sizes, from the tiny one in which a Swedish belle carries her bit of embroidery to one the size of a trunk, which peasant families keep in their guest room, or storehouse, for family treasures. Every Swedish peasant girl owns one of larger size, in which to store the homespun linen and woolen she has made with her own busy fingers and is laying away

till she shall have a home of her own. A bit of the beautiful drawn work Swedish women do so well, and a brooch of filigree silver with dangling pendants such as only a Norwegian or a Swede knows how to fashion, and our purchases are made. We stop here not be-



VIEW IN SLOTTSSKOG PARK

cause there are no more beautiful things to tempt us, but only because our purses will permit us to go no further.

#### A SWEDISH DINNER

A SWEDISH friend has sent us an invitation to dine with her and her parents to-morrow evening. To be a guest in a Swedish home of the upper class is a privilege, so we plan to cut the day's sight-seeing short

to be ready for the three-o'clock dinner, for this is the fashionable dinner-hour in Sweden. Our hostess and her mother receive us, and after a few minutes' pleasant talk all pass to the dining-room. At one side of the room is a small table, set with all manner of tidbits, according to the Swedish taste. Here are thin slices of smoked reindeer, fresh raw sliced salmon, hardboiled eggs, smoked goose breast, cucumbers, old cheese flavored with caraway, rye bread seasoned also with caraway, anchovies, sill-sallat, or herring salad, made of pickled herring cut into bits (the fatter it is, the greater delicacy it is considered) and mixed with tiny pieces of boiled meat, potatoes, boiled eggs, raw beets and onions, to which pepper, vinegar and oil are added. All these dainties are spread on a snowy cloth, with piles of plates, knives, and forks at one side.

The hostess leads us forward to the table. As guests we are expected to help ourselves first. There are no chairs, for this is only the introduction to the dinner proper, and is eaten standing. Each one takes a slice of bread, spreads it, and with fork daintily picks here a bit of cheese, there a slice of reindeer or a morsel of the salad, and is then at liberty to go where he chooses to eat it. In this great variety of dishes the salmon, smoked goose-breast, and herring salad are the particular dainties.

When all are served, a pleasant social time follows. We walk about the room, and while enjoying the new custom and new dishes, enjoy also the chat with our host and hostesses.

We next pass to the dinner table and the real dinner

begins. The different courses are much the same as at home.

At the close of the meal we return to the drawing-room, where Swedish etiquette expects us to shake hands with the hostesses and say "Thanks for the food;" with a warm hand-shake they graciously reply, "We hope it has done our kind guests good." This ceremony is repeated with the host. A Swedish guest would be considered very rude who did not thank his entertainers for the pleasure they had given him, for no one can receive guests more graciously than a Swedish hostess. She always says, in welcoming guests who have been in her home before, "Thanks for the last time," which is only a polite way of saying that their former visit gave her pleasure.

After a cup of coffee served in the drawing-room and a few minutes of pleasant conversation, we take our leave of these kind friends, who give us a very cordial invitation to visit them again, and also a letter of introduction to a friend of theirs in Stockholm.

### THE WESTERN SKARGARD

WE HAVE rented one of the many pretty little boats lying at the wharves and engaged its owner as our skipper, and now this beautiful morning start on our cruise in and out among the network of islands lying off the western coast to the north of Goeteborg. This fringe of islands is part of the great Island Belt, or Skargard, which extends along the greater part of the Swedish coast and is the pride of this northern kingdom.

Along the Skargard and on the coast of Bohus (boo'-hous) opposite we shall find many picturesque and beautiful summer resorts and quaint fishing villages. To the resorts come the wealth and fashion of Goete-



MILK WOMAN

borg, Stockholm, and other Swedish cities, while in the fishing hamlets life is very simple.

Not far out from Goeteborg is Marstrand, the most celebrated of all Sweden's summer resorts, where dwellers in the city throng from early in the season till late for a refreshing breath from its wind-swept cliffs. It lies on a projecting elbow of one of the beautiful islands of the Skargard, several miles from the mainland. Its rocky cliffs are heated by the sun through the long summer day, and in turn give out

their heat through the short night, so that while the air is refreshing it is always mild.

Marstrand has a grim old fortress dating from days of long ago; from its ramparts one gets a fine view of the neighboring rocky islands strewn helter-skelter along the coast. The fortress of Carlesten has its walls in some places blasted out of the solid rock and in others built of granite. It is no ruin, but a well-kept fort of a bygone age, with its cannon in place ready for action.

Four miles away lie the dreaded Pater Noster ledges, where so many good ships have been sunk. On the largest of these foaming rocks rises now a lofty iron tower, with its beacon light to warn seamen of the dangers below. At the foot of the light is the keeper's low house. A pilot boat with a broad red stripe down the middle of its sail is bringing barrels and barrels of oil to feed the great light through the long winter nights. Now, however, the signal is not much needed, for the summer nights, even this far south, are short and never very dark.

We return just in time for Marstrand's fashionable evening promenade. At this time, as well as at noon, all Marstrand goes strolling. The brass band is "blowing," as the Swedes always say, and everyone has locked his door and hung the key up in plain sight outside, "just to show he is not at home."

Early in the morning we are on our way again. This seems to be the Skargard wash-day, which comes usually but twice a year. Clap! Clap! Clap! go the wooden clubs of these peasant wash-maids, as they beat the last drops of water out of the clothes they

have just rinsed in the waters of the fjord. When this is done they spread the wash on the sloping banks of the cliff to dry. But not everywhere on the cliff-side is a suitable drying-place to be found. It must be either bare rock or clothed in green grass, for the yellow



MARKET PEASANTS, KARLSKRONE

moss which grows on so many rocks leaves a stain on the clothes.

Soon the village of Gullholmen comes into view. It is hard to see how its barren soil could attract settlers, for to this day there is not enough earth in all the hamlet in which to bury the dead. The graves of these fisher-folk must be made on a neighboring island, to which theirs is joined by a bridge of poles.

Gullholmen houses straggle in zig-zag fashion along

mere paths up steep rocks, in some places so steep that wire cables have been stretched to hold on to as one

goes up hill.

These people have an old and beautiful custom. The fishermen of Gullholmen go to the Great Banks of the North Sea to fish. When one of their boat's crew dies, they ever after carry a line of hooks, called a backa, on their cruises, and all the fish caught on it they keep apart for their dead comrade's widow.

Most of these islands off the Bohus coast are naked and barren, as well as steep. "Once," the Bohus fishermen say, "they were covered with beautiful groves, like the Stockholm Skargard, but three hundred years ago or more the Danes burned them off, and after that the soil dried up and was blown away."

Here is Karingoe, or "Old Woman's Isle," with its little village where every morsel of soil has been brought from elsewhere. Willows were the only trees that would live upon its rocky surface, but after they had grown large enough to afford protection, fruit trees have with the greatest care been made to grow in their shelter, soil being brought to nourish them. The soil is still so poor that the whole island can barely feed eight cows, even though sea-weed and other food is brought from more favored regions. island's best harvest is gathered from the sea. Here, hung up to dry on rails, are thousands of ling, split open and stretched out on splints. The long lines of ling and cod fringe the rocky hills above the little red houses, line all the wharves, and even cover the opposite shores of the sound. Fine large fish they are, too, many being longer than a man is tall, while some even measure between seven and eight feet in length. Almost every man on Karingoe is a fisherman. During the fishing season it is no uncommon thing for the island to have but one or two able-bodied men left at

home. It is from Karingoe and neighboring villages of Bohus and the Skargard that most of the boats start for the northern fishing banks.

More than a hundred Swedish fishing boats from this region go each year to the North Sea Banks. They are called bank-boats, and the largest will carry a cargo of fifty or sixty tons. They all have a spar run-



SUNDAY COSTUMES
Island, Southern Coast of Sweden

ning straight out behind the stern, on which a small sail is set while the fishing is going on, to keep the boat's head to the wind. They have high, broad prows, that they may ride the dangerous billows on the shoals.

There is an ancient custom still followed of paying

on the priest's string, which every boat carries, each fisherman must give the priest the two biggest ling and the two biggest cod he catches in the year. They are called priest-ling, and are valued far and wide, always bringing the very highest prices. Priest-ling are dried but never salted, for they are prepared for *lut-fisk* for Yule-tide; in this form they are one of the choicest of Swedish dainties.

A stop is made at Orust (o'roost) Island, third in size of the Swedish islands. Orust, unlike Karingoe, is quite a rich agricultural region. Meadows and small cultivated fields are scattered here and there, but the islanders are also fishermen.

#### LYSEKIL

Sailing on, we next touch at Lysekil, which after Marstrand is the most popular watering-place of Sweden. As Marstrand is the favorite resort with the people of Goeteborg, so Lysekil is most frequented by Stockholmers. This makes the two places rivals. But Lysekil has won renown in another line, and has become famous for its delicate anchovies.

The chief pastime here is yachting. It is an interesting sight to go down to the wharf and see the thirty or forty sailboats drawn up at the piers. One of the finest things about it all is that one could rent the best among them for a dollar and a quarter a day, with a skipper and boy thrown in.

Although a resort of fashion Lysekil still follows some of the customs of long ago. On Mid-summer's Eve bonfires still blaze from the rocky headlands as they have done on this night for nearly a thousand years, in honor of Baldur, the god of the Summer Sun.

#### **NAAS**

RETURNING to Goeteborg, we cannot think of passing on without a visit to Naas, whose school has led the world in the teaching of Sloyd. The Swedish people were the first to put into practice the idea of manual training in the common schools, and Naas was one of the first schools to teach this branch.

Sloyd had for ages been practiced in Swedish homes. Notwithstanding its poor soil and long, hard winters, farming is and has been the chief occupation in Sweden. But during much of the year farmers cannot work out-of-doors. In olden times, when each peasant family had to make the family clothing as well as all the farm

hold utensils, not a leisure moment was to be found. So the work of this kind, that had been crowded out for want of time in the short summer when logging and fishing and field work demanded every



THE CASTLE, NAAS

minute, was done during the long winter evenings. Gathered around the cheerful fire of blazing logs, listening, perhaps, to an ancient ballad or legend of

some brave Viking, each one busied his fingers with some useful occupation.

The men made rake-pegs, ax-helves, spoons, ladles, benches, chests, cradles, tables, and all other articles used about the farm or house; not content with making them merely useful, to some they added simple designs in carving to make them beautiful. The women tended the spinning-wheel and loom, and sewed the family garments, while the daughters knit the household stockings and mittens or embroidered the bright bodices which gave their dress its beauty. This work of the hands the Swedes called Sloejd (sloyd), and from them we get the idea and name of our modern sloyd. In later years, when factories were started and railways and canals built, so that the country people could buy the needed things more easily and cheaply, sloyd in the home began to die out. The time thus saved was not always wisely spent, and so some good, earnest people set to work to revive it, and out of this effort sprang the Naas school.

Naas is an estate about twenty miles from Goeteborg. There are three thousand acres in the estate, part forest, part cultivated land. The main building, called the Castle, is a long two-storied building, surrounded by fine trees and vases of beautiful flowers.

The state rooms are used for occasional meetings and social gatherings, while the sleeping-rooms are kept for distinguished guests—and long indeed is the list of those who have been entertained at the Castle. Occupying the whole width of the second story is the great salon where take place the solemn closing exercises of each term. Besides many other interesting

things, the Castle has a large park and a winter garden.

Eight or ten buildings furnish the lecture and class rooms, work-shops and dormitories of the school, among them being a gymnasium and a new building

for games in rainy weather.

Naas was founded as a boys' manual training school, but soon included girls also. When it was found that sloyd was a valuable part of the regular school course, Naas became a sort of



SLOYDLARAISENIRNARUM, (Sloyd Gymnasium) NAAS, SWEDEN

Normal School for sloyd, where teachers might be fitted to teach this branch in the Swedish schools. So great has been its success that teachers even from the distant countries of Greece, Egypt, Orange Free States, Argentine, and Chile have come to learn its methods.

The work is limited to wood-sloyd, together with gardening, and the household arts of needlework, cooking, and preserving, but drawing, gymnasium work, and the study of out-door games also find a prominent place.

The workshops, with their cases of models and their busy workers, are a pleasant sight. Here youths and middle-aged men work side by side; some wear the quaint peasant dress, some the dress of the city, but all are busy and interested in their planing, hammer-

ing, sawing, and cutting.

The school garden always attracts visitors. Here are the gayest and most picturesque costumes, for the instruction in the proper laying out and care of a garden is for the especial benefit of those in the country district, and from these districts come the gayest dresses. To-day the lesson is in raking, and the rainbow skirts of the girls added to the blue of the boys' suits, or the yellow of their long aprons, reaching from armpit to ankle, make a pleasant picture, as they stand in a long line and wield their rakes.

One of the prettiest sights at Naas, however, is the lesson in out-door games. Here are taught running games, ball games, and all sorts of games, to the accompaniment of song. And one may learn not only how to play the games, but also how to make the simpler things required for them.

Open-air lectures are given, also, on the history of games, so, without doubt, if we were to become pupils here we might, in this delightful way, learn all about the old Greek Olympian Games, the grand Tournaments of the Middle Ages, or the simple but beautiful peasant games of Sweden itself.

It certainly seems that the knowledge which the five thousand student teachers have acquired who have gone out from Naas to schools of their own, must help greatly in making Swedish boys and girls industrious and skillful as well as clever.

And now begins our railway journey to Malmoe (mäl'-mö), not, however, by the most direct road,

skirting the western coast, but rather the route past the southern shore of Lake Vettern, enabling us to see something of the central part of Southern Sweden.

After leaving Goeteborg the scenery is for a distance much like parts of New England, having, like that



CHAPEL AND FARM SCENE

region, many barren and rocky places. The farms are fenced with stone walls or the old-fashioned rail fence. Soon patches of fir, pine, or birch appear, and farther south become almost forests in some places.

In some respects the road is better than many of our own at home. Here in Sweden there is greater precaution against accidents. Mother Svea owns most of the roads herself, and looks well to the safety of her children. At intervals of three miles all along the way are little red houses for watchmen, whose duty it is to walk half the way to the next house on each side to inspect the road; at every cross-road, too, there is a watchman. Though plain and bare in themselves, the

stations are made attractive with flower beds and window boxes. Then, too, the uniforms of the train officers add a bit of color, and their polite manner shows a real interest in the passengers they serve.

Now a chance is given to see what a Swedish railway eating-house is like. In the center of the main room stands a big table spread with a clean white cloth, on which are set large dishes of chicken, lamb, roast beef, soup, potatoes, vegetables, bread and butter, a dozen varieties, more or less, of cheese, pudding, milk and buttermilk.

We sit down at one of the little side tables and watch for a waiter to take our order, but none comes, and soon we find that each one is expected to help himself from the various dishes on the big table to whatever he wishes, and if he wishes a second helping he serves himself to that also. No one takes any account of how many dishes he helps himself to nor how much of any dish. We find by watching others that when the meal is finished we are expected to go to the desk and pay for our dinner, simply stating what we have eaten, and our word is taken for it. And a very small price, too, it is we have to pay.

More forest and cultivated fields and red farmhouses, and we finally reach Falkoeping, where we leave the Goeteborg-Stockholm Railroad and take a train for the South.

In a few hours we reach the southern shore of Lake Vettern. Just where the road winds away from the lake is situated Joenkoeping, a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. It is the seat of the court for Southern Sweden, and a busy city, with many factories and shops. It is famous abroad for its wood-pulp and paper, and as for its matches, they are sent clear to China, even if shrewd Chinese dealers do put their own stamp upon them and sell them for a home product. These great industries grew up out of a small begin-



MEASURING TIMBER

ning. The province of Smaland (smâ'-länd) has poor land, for the most part moor and forest, but its people are sturdy and frugal. There is a Swedish proverb which says, "put a Smalander on a barren rock in the sea and he will manage to make his living," and another which runs, "at the Smaland stations one dines sumptuously if he has a good knapsack with him."

Smalanders are quick to make the best use of all their resources, and a number of years ago conceived the idea of turning the wood of their forests to account by making it up into matches. This not only utilizes the chief product of the province, but gives employment to thousands, for Smaland now boasts a score of match factories, whose products each year are worth between one and two million dollars.

So successful did the match industry prove that Smaland branched out into the wood-pulp and paper business as a new feature of her wood industry, and now has many mills for the manufacture of these products. One factory here in Joenkoeping makes immense quantities of paper and roofing pasteboard for the South American market, while others turn out wallpapers, wrapping paper, and pasteboard boxes. There are factories of nearly every sort here—linen mills, machine shops, iron foundries, and chemical works. Thus the three wood industries have been the means of raising Joenkoeping from a struggling little town to one of the important cities of Sweden, with a fine breakwater and spacious harbor on Lake Vettern, which connects it with both the east and west coasts of Sweden, and a network of railroads leading to all the chief cities of the kingdom.

Ten miles to the south of Joenkoeping is the Taberg, an iron mountain famous for its mines, which cover over sixty acres. At Taberg we get one of the finest views in this part of the country over the great stretch of Smaland forests, while to the west is the Nissa, most famed of all Swedish rivers for its salmon. Nissa salmon are smoked by a peculiar process which makes them considered one of the greatest of Swedish dainties.

Nearly all central Smaland is a dreary country, with many marshes and swamp lands. The name Smaland

means "small patches of arable land." These patches are set in the midst of swamps, forests, lakes, and rocks.

Lovely Skane, lying in the extreme south, is the "Paradise of Sweden." Here are to be found the



COSTUMES

mildest climate, the greatest variety of vegetation, the most fertile fields, and the richest peasantry. It boasts, too, many an old chateau, lying in the midst of vast estates, built when Skane was one of the most precious of Danish possessions. Though so ancient, these spacious homes are not dreary, for they are usually encircled by pear, apple, plum, mulberry, walnut, or chestnut groves. So pleasant are they, indeed, that their owners often remain all the year round, and feel no desire to spend the gay winter season in Stockholm or Malmoe. There are few large forests in Skane, and one can see, for miles across the country, Skane's comfortable homes, with their pastures and fields of grain.

#### A FARM HOUSE OF SKANE

Through the kindness of a Swedish friend, we have a letter of introduction to an acquaintance of hers, the owner of a large farm; so let us stop at the little station, and make our way to this Swedish home, feeling sure we shall meet with a hearty welcome.

As we follow the winding drive we catch frequent glimpses of the house through the groves of beach and oak. One thing seems strange; the house appears to be turning its back upon us, for there are no windows on the side toward the road—only a great entrance through which carriages drive. The house and other buildings form a square fully a hundred feet on a side. Timber in this part of Skane is scarce, so this heavily-timbered house is considered much finer than any of its neighbors, which are of brick plastered over.

Our host sees us and comes to the great door, or gate, to offer us, though strangers, a welcome, but when he learns through whom we come he insists that our horses be put into the stable and that we spend the rest of the day in his home.

He ushers us into the living-room and introduces his wife, a young woman with the brightest of blue eyes, the lightest of silky hair, and the pinkest of complexions. She has been busy baking a three months' batch of ring-bread. It is now hung above the fire-place, a pole passing through the hole in the middle of each of the big flat loaves, which are as big as a wheel-barrow wheel but almost as thin as a wafer, and are baked in front of the big fireplace.

The furnishings of this big living-room are very

plain. The principal thing in it besides a large table and benches is a great fireplace, occupying nearly one end of the room. The ceiling has heavy beams, and the oak floor is scrubbed white and strewn with birch twigs. Home life in Southern Sweden, even on a large farm, is very simple. Almost everything needed is either raised or made at home. This means that every one is busy, and the larger the estate the busier are the master and mistress.

Adjoining the house on one side of the courtyard is the great "Economy House," as it is called, where all the home industries are carried on. One side of the room has a work-bench, where shingles and smaller timbers for repairing the farm buildings are hewn and shaved, where tools are made and mended, and where brooms are fashioned by binding together limber young birch boughs around a larger branch for a handle.

At one end of the room is the forge, with anvil and bellows, where wagon tires are heated for setting, and where tools and household utensils are wrought. Bars of iron and discarded parts of farming implements hang above the forge, waiting to be brought to some new use.

Here, too, is a loom, on which is done the family weaving of linen and woolen for the house and for clothing. The hemp and wool and flax are all raised on the farm, and the work of retting the flax, washing and carding the wool, spinning, weaving, and cutting and making into garments is done in the home.

The Economy House even boasts a brewery, where the family beer is made, for no five-o'clock meal is considered complete without this drink, and it is often served at other meals also. The brewery occupies a room by itself in the further end of the building. All the hops, as well as the grain for the beer, are raised on the farm.

We must leave this interesting part of the house, for dinner is announced. Though Skane farmers are well-to-do, they live very plainly. Our dinner here is not begun with the *smoergas*, but we are seated at once at the table. A snowy cloth of homespun linen is spread, and all the dishes are placed directly upon the table.

The dishes of a Skane dinner depend upon what day of the week it happens to be. On one day the chief dinner dish is salt pork; on another, fish, sausage, corned beef, or soup. To-day it is soup, which is served with the usual accompaniment of potatoes, milk, and various kinds of cheese, to which our hostess has added what to the Swedish taste is a very great dainty—Norwegian herring, salted, raw, and very fat, cut up into small pieces. The dessert is a large dish of thick sour milk sprinkled with ginger in fancy lines over the top and served with sugar and cream. This, too, is looked upon as a delicacy.

Knowing we are interested in learning much of Swedish home life, our hostess tells us something of their customs and living. They have plenty of nourishing but plain food. In the busy-season of harvesting it is soft, dark, sour bread and butter, with milk. This is the first breakfast on rising. The second breakfast, at six, is much the same, with coffee. At half-past ten another meal is served, and at noon

comes dinner, with sour milk often as one of the dishes. A light meal of bread and butter, cheese, and beer is served at five, and supper at eight. The supper dish is always thin porridge, with either sweet or sour milk. Milk forms one of the principal articles of

food the whole year round, for the cattle are kept on the farm instead of being sent away to pasture for the season.

After dinner comes a visit to the stables, at the opposite side of the courtyard. They afford room



PRIMITIVE CART
Used on the large estates in Sweden

for a large herd of cows, a number of sheep, and two or three horses. Everything is a model of neatness, for the stables are carefully cleaned and the troughs scrubbed every morning.

One of the principal occupations on this farm is the making of cheese and butter to sell. Every week the great cart is drawn out from the shed and filled with jars of butter, and cheeses of a dozen different hues and flavors, ready to carry its load to the nearest railway station, where it is shipped to Malmoe, the great trading-center of Skane, and the chief seaport of Southern Sweden. From Malmoe these products may be sent to Copenhagen, London, or

some of the great cities of Germany, or perhaps to Paris.

Skane, like the other provinces of Southern Sweden, is famed for its butter and cheese, and does its full share toward bringing into Svea's purse a good, round sum at the end of the year. Indeed, she will tell you that her dairies are almost as valuable as her furnaces and machine shops, and that her butter and cheese are as good as her steel, and every one knows how fine that is. Her fifty million pounds of butter and two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of cheese a year are indeed something to be proud of, and the fifteen million dollars they bring she can always find some good use for.

We are much tempted to make a longer stay in this pleasant home, but we must hasten on. Here is a poorer farm, with buildings only on two sides of a square. It has also the thatched roof so common in this part of Skane but rare elsewhere in Sweden. The house in quite different from anything we have seen before, but is common in this region, we are told, on account of the scarcity of wood. It resembles somewhat our staff-work buildings. A frame was first set up, on which boards were nailed on the inside and outside to a height of three or four feet. Then a mixture of three parts clay to one of straw was crowded in tightly. The frame was then boarded up a little higher, and filled, and so on, until the walls were finished; then the boards were taken off and the walls left to dry. Such a building is very durable, lasting often for two hundred years or more.

Continuing the journey, we pass through a number of small towns, and are soon in the famous and beautiful old city of Lund, which, as we have learned, means *Pleasant Grove*. It deserves its name, for it is in one of the richest parts of Sweden, in the midst of wheat-fields and dark beech groves, both rare in so many parts of the country. Around it are many fine estates and old chateaux.

Lund has lived for centuries. Over a thousand years ago it was a rich and fortified city. There is an old Swedish saying about its ancient prosperity: "When Christ was born, Lund was already in harvest." In its greatest days it boasted two hundred thousand people; now, however, it has only about fifteen thousand.

Bright and early this fine morning let us set out to make our acquaintance with the city. First comes a drive past the Observatory, surrounded by beautiful grounds, then out to the hospitals on the edge of town. These are for the whole province of Skane, and accommodate many patients. From the hospitals to the Botanical Gardens on the east of the town leads one through a pleasant part of the city.

In the Gardens are to be found rare plants from every part of the world and of every imaginable kind—rare vines, orchids, palms, and magnolias, as well as a very complete collection of native plants and flowers. The winding walks are shaded by beautiful old trees, while over to the northwest rises Saints' Hill with its promenades. The Hill and the Gardens are the favorite resorts of the University students.

They come under almost any pretext—for a stroll, to hear the band "blow," or to study the rare plants as

a part of their science work.

Lund's Cathedral, begun in 1048, ranks with that of Trondhjem or Upsala. Its two great towers are seen a long way off, and although the cathedral itself is only two hundred feet long, it seems of wonderful size, because of its fine proportions and its general style.

The visit to the Cathedral has been planned for the morning, since this is the time it is open to visitors. Within, nine great pillars on each side separate the nave from the aisles. Its quaint old choir stalls and its frescoes on a ground of gold remind one of beautiful Cologne.

This interesting old town, however, must be left

behind, for Malmoe is waiting its turn.

# MALMOE (mäl'mö)

Leaving the train at the Malmoe station, we find ourselves close to the harbor, on the northern side of the city. The quay is lined with steamers, for this great seaport of Southern Sweden carries on a great trade. Here are anchored steamers from Stockholm and Goeteborg, from Lubec and Copenhagen, which lies only sixteen miles to the east across the Sound. Out yonder is a vessel bound for England with the South Swedish products of grain, liquor, beet-root sugar, and tobacco. Another is on its way to Antwerp with some of Sweden's far-famed steel, while still another is loading with paper-pulp and fish for Bordeaux, France. Though Malmoe sends away great

quantities of fish, her fishermen for the last four hundred years have had to go elsewhere to ply their trade. There was a time, however, when the great herring fisheries of Malmoe made her richer than Goeteborg or Copenhagen; then, it is said, the herring schools



A COUNTRY ROAD

were so thick that it was difficult to cast a line among them.

Close to the wharves and depot is the custom-house, where officers are busy inspecting boxes, cases, crates, and trunks, for Malmoe is one of Sweden's chief ports of entry. Many American tourists cross from Hull to Copenhagen, and from there to Malmoe.

"What interesting things has Malmoe to offer?" we

ask, as we set out upon our sight-seeing. Malmoe Hus, an ancient fortress a hundred years older than the discovery of America, is one of the famous places in this old town. It is now used as a prison and barracks.

Lying close to Malmoe Hus is King Oscar's Park, with pleasant promenades, stately trees, and gay-flowered plants.

The old churches of Malmoe are worth a visit, and the great market also, although it much resembles that of Goeteborg. There are factories, too, well worth visiting. Among them are a glove factory and a cotton mill.

What a tale the old Town Hall could tell of great gatherings and distinguished guests in its days of splendor. Its beautifully decorated Knuts-sal was once the council chamber of the ancient Guild of St. Canute, or Knut, one of the most powerful guilds of the Middle Ages.

The journey from Malmoe is by rail to Ystad (üs'täd), the southernmost city of Sweden. We have a chance along the way to see more of the beauties of Skane, for the road leads through beautiful beech groves and large cornfields, in sight of orchards and beet fields, past neat white churches and fine old chateaux and country seats. Everything wears a look of trimness and prosperity.

In a field over yonder are women wearing the quaint native dress. The skirt is of woolen, in many colors, with a shorter white skirt over it. The light yellow leather trousers of the men are also picturesque. They are busily at work cultivating the long rows of beets, for the raising of beets and the manufacture of beet sugar has become of late years one of the chief industries of Skane. The beet raised here is the white variety found in so many sections of Germany.

#### **YSTAD**

After a journey of about three hours we reach Ystad, a manufacturing town of eight thousand people, and a busy seaport. Its harbor is large, and from it depart steamers to Stockholm, Malmoe, Copenhagen, and Goeteborg, and less frequently, to Norwegian, German, and English ports, carrying great quantities of grain, especially to England. The view beyond the harbor shows us the white chalk-cliffs of Denmark, in the distance. About twenty miles to the east lies the dangerous Sandhammar Reef, so much dreaded by Baltic seamen.

From Ysted to Karlskrona the journey is by post—a pleasant change, although so old-fashioned a way of traveling. The road passes through a flat, rich country. Everywhere are fields and patches of tobacco, for the tobacco of this southern region is considered of the finest flavor by the Swedes. Its delicacy is obtained by the use of seaweed as a fertilizer. The raising and manufacturing of tobacco has risen in the last few years to be one of the great industries of Sweden. The yield some years reaches two million pounds, and besides this great quantity three or four times as much is imported, chiefly for making into cigars, of which something like a hundred and thirty million are made each year. It almost seems as though the smoke of Sweden's tobacco must outrival

in volume the smoke of her furnaces. There are nearly a hundred tobacco factories in the country, and the value of the goods they make up is nearly five million dollars a year. This region around Christianstad is the great center for the tobacco crop, which is marketed chiefly in Malmoe, though some is sent to other places.

As we near Christianstad we see great piles of peat left to dry by the roadside and in the fields. Peat here is the chief fuel, since a plentiful supply is found in the low, marshy region. The wood of this section can be used only after drying for two or three years.

The potato fields along the way seem to vie in number with the beet fields. Most of the potatoes are distilled into a sort of brandy. Christianstad is a great center for breweries.

#### **CHRISTIANSTAD**

The old town of Christianstad is attractive as an example of an old fortified town, although it has no objects of great historical interest. Its old fortifications have been partly torn down, but for defense a regiment of cavalry is stationed here. The town has been enlarged by the draining of Lake Helje, at its edge, to make fertile land for the support of its ten thousand people. The summer is a busy season, for then the beet and potato and tobacco fields must be planted and weeded, and later the crops must be gathered and taken to market. Then it is that Christianstad takes on an air of bustle and life out of all proportion to its quiet during the rest of the year. Its people keep many of their old ways and customs, and live in a comfortable, contented manner, without

striving to imitate the fashionable life of the larger Swedish cities.

At some distance from the town is one of the many old chateaux of Skane, which invites a visit. Think of forty thousand acres in one farm! That is the size of the Wachmeister estate. The old chateau, called Trolle Ljungby Castle, is of brick, and has its ancient moat and drawbridge still. Indeed, the moat is much older than the castle itself, for this is the fourth building which has stood on the same foundation, the other three having been destroyed by fire.

There are interesting legends connected with the place. Among the curios and art treasures which fill the rooms of Trolle Ljungby are an ancient drinking horn and whistle, which are guarded as most precious possessions, for the safety of the castle and the happiness of the family are supposed to depend upon their remaining here.

### KARLSKRONA

Our ponies seem to know that this is the end of the post-journey, for they have brought us across the bridge and into town with a dash, and their stop is uncomfortably sudden as they draw up in front of our hotel.

It is a surprise to learn that the town is so large. It is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants; like Stockholm, it is built partly upon islands, connected with each other and the mainland by bridges. Boats are at the quays, filled with vegetables and fruits, but the fish-boats, which come in the early morning, have returned.

Karlskrona is the great naval station of Sweden. We visit the barracks where the Swedish seamen live, and inspect the massive fortifications of the harbor. The great number of cannons and the piles of huge cannon-balls testify that Karlskrona is indeed one of



MARKET PLACE, KARLSKRONE

Svea's strong defenses; in the harbor are stationed Swedish men-of-war.

The navy of Sweden, like her army, is recruited by enlistment, each province being required to furnish a certain number of men. When on duty Swedish sailors are under the strictest discipline, but when off duty they are allowed to cultivate their fields and carry on their farm work. One of the most important branches

of the naval service is protecting the sixteen hundred miles of Swedish coast.

From Karlskrona to Kalmar the most delightful route is by steamer through the Baltic Skargard. Here the islands are not so numerous as they are farther to the north. Some are mere rocks, large enough only to give shelter to hunters who come for eider-duck shooting. Others are large enough to be cultivated and to yield support to a little hamlet of fisher-folk. Here the fish called stroemming thrives in large schools. In size it is between the herring and sardine, and when freshly caught and fried is considered quite a delicacy. Fastidious Swedes, when eating it, split the fish open and remove the backbone. The stern father of Gustavus Adolphus, however, made it a rule that nothing so effeminate should be allowed at the royal table.

Now the picturesque Island of Oeland (e'land) appears, and soon we are sailing between it and the mainland into Kalmar Sound.

## **KALMAR**

Quaint old Kalmar, a town of twelve thousand people, is built partly on the mainland and partly on two islands in the Sound, and is the most important port of Smaland. In heathen times it was a great market place, and people made a two or three days' journey to attend its great year-markets. "The Key to the Kingdom," it was called in those days of long ago. The ancient ramparts have been preserved and are the pride of the town. To-day they speak only of peace, for a park-like garden has been laid out on them, from

which one has a fine view of the Sound and Oeland beyond, with its cliffs and long-armed windmills.

On one of the islands of the city is the cathedral, built of stone from the quarries of Oeland, and on the other the castle of Kalmarnahus, the chief object of interest in Kalmar. It is a large, square building, with its ancient towers, ramparts, and moat still remaining, notwithstanding it has seen perilous times, for between 1300 and 1610 it resisted twenty-four sieges.

One of the famous rooms of the castle, called "Old King's Apartment," is octagon in shape and has a massive timbered ceiling and inlaid panels fashioned by King Erik XIV, one of the early kings of Sweden. In another room is the bed in which the great Gustavus Adolphus once slept. The old castle has seen many changes; at one time it was used as a still for the making of liquor and at another for a granary.

Kalmar is famous in history as the place where the great Kalmar Union was signed in 1397, uniting for a hundred and twenty-five years the three Scandinavian kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

The region around Kalmar is famed not only for its fine beeches but for its mushrooms, of which it is said there are two thousand species. Gathering them in the fall is a paying occupation. Some of Kalmar's fine beeches are to be seen on the way to the two old churches of Hagby and Voxtorp, a little south of town. The central parts of these churches are circular towers, supposed to have been heathen temples, in the middle of which stood the priest with his hearers around him. The walls have loopholes, from which

the worshipers might shoot arrows for defense. Surrounding the churches are circular churchyards, with headstones set in rings one within another.

### THE ISLAND OF OELAND

From Kalmar it is a short passage across one Sound to Oeland, and steamers make the trip every day. The Island of Oeland is about eighty miles long and from six to ten wide. A ridge with wooded slopes rises from the west shore.

Oeland supports about forty thousand people, whose chief occupations are farming and cattle-raising. Once the island was famed for a breed of horses much smaller than the Shetland pony of to-day. Besides enough for home use, the Oelanders raise and send away each year hundreds of thousands of bushels of grain, chiefly wheat. From their quarries they also send away large quantities of lime, limestone, and slate. Fruits thrive in the balmy air and fertile soil of the island, and its orchards of apple and pear trees are among its greatest attractions.

Borgholm, a town of nine hundred inhabitants, is the capital and port of the island. On account of its mild air, pleasant views, and romantic castle it has grown to be quite a watering-place. The foundation of the castle was built over six hundred years ago, but its roofless walls belong to a much later time. Here lived Duke Valdemar and his wife Ingeborg of Norway, a niece of the Scottish hero, Robert Bruce.

Our geographies give us the impression that Stockholm is directly on the Baltic coast, but not so. We thread a labyrinth of forty miles from the open Baltic before we reach this "Venice of the North," as it is sometimes called. This long arm of the sea forming the outlet of Lake Malar is called Salt Sea; it is filled with countless islands, while its rocky banks are lined with chateaux and pleasant villas, surrounded by grand old oaks, lindens, elms, and birches, as well as firs and pines. Each villa has its bath-house and boat-landing, for almost the only highway between them is the Salt Sea. Here are a Swedish lady and her maid just returning from market, one whole end of the boat being taken up with the huge basket of provisions they have bought in Stockholm.

#### **STOCKHOLM**

Just where the Mälar pours down into the Salt Sea with a strong current is a group of islands which press the water into narrow channels between themselves and the mainland. On these and the mainland to the north and south of them the chief part of the city of Stockholm is situated.

No one knows quite how or when the city came to be founded or how it received its name. Some say the first houses were built on piles, or stocks, and so the city was called Stockholm, for *holm* means *island*.

The city was often a prey to its enemies, till shrewd old Birger Jarl, king in everything but name, saw how important a key this was to Sweden, for Lake Mälar extends eighty miles inland, with long arms stretching far into the country to the north and south. Birger accordingly locked up the Mälar from hostile fleets by building granite walls and towers around his town on Staden Island, and making it his capital. His son

extended the fortifications to take in two smaller islands. Around these three the Mälar and Salt Sea formed a moat bigger than man ever dug, and the two channels to the mainland were spanned by draw-bridges passing through strong towers. When the



STOCKHOLM, FROM PALACE TERRACE

Danes were finally conquered the city spread to the mainland.

Today the shores and thousand islands of the Mälar and Salt Sea are among the most thickly settled and prosperous parts of Sweden, and Stockholm has become a city of two hundred and fifty thousand people.

Stockholm is beautifully situated and has a fine

harbor, but the latter is blocked by ice four months of the year.

There are plenty of interesting sights in Stockholm, some that could not possibly be omitted. One would not be seeing Stockholm without visiting the National



HARBOR AND SHIPPING, STOCKHOLM

Museum, the Royal Palace, the Museum of Armor and Costumes, the Riddarholms Church, the Deer Park, or taking an excursion to Drottningholm or Gripsholm palace, or the fortifications of Waxholm.

Near Blasieholm wharf is the National Museum, a three-story building of marble and granite, with an entrance of beautiful green marble. Over the portal are reliefs of famous Swedish scholars and artists. At one side of the Museum is a statue of "The Wrestlers" or "Belt Duelists," the same subject we saw in Goetchorg.

Inside the vestibule are fine statues of the old Scandinavian gods, Odin, Thor, and Baldur. On the



STATUE OF LINNÆUS

ground floor are the coins and Historical Museum. Here, from the tools and weapons of the Flint, Bronze, and Iron Ages we may learn how men in those primitive times fought, hunted wild beasts for food, or enticed the fish from their hiding-places with the rudest of hooks; we may understand how they tilled their fields or sailed tempestuous seas, and how they

ornamented their person with homespun garments or quaint ornaments of gold and silver. This collection is one of the finest in existence. It includes flint arrow heads, stone axes, earthen vessels, amber beads, and countless other objects found in the ancient stone-heap and passage-graves, such as we found in Bohus. Belonging to a later time are bronze swords, shields, battle-axes, glass drinking-horns, gold and silver ornaments and furniture.

The coin collection is one of the best in Europe, in some respects being even richer than that of the British Museum. Here is a Swedish coin of 1644 which weighs forty-two pounds. A Swede's wealth in those days would be in little danger of taking wings.

The next floor has cabinets of rare pottery from Italy, France, Holland, Germany, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, besides rare Chinese and Japanese porcelains. Besides all these there are Greek and Egyptian casts, Roman and Swedish sculptures, and a wonderful display of furniture.

The third floor is nearly all taken up by the picturegallery, which has many works by the great masters of the world.

From the Museum it is only a few steps across the iron bridge to Skeppsholm Island, which is given up to the great naval and military depots of Stockholm, and to the Naval School. The view from the island is considered particularly fine.

Stockholm's countless winding waterways serve as public highways, so that instead of engaging cabs or taking trams or street cars one can go to many parts

of the city by boat, and it does indeed seem much like Venice.

A pleasant ride in one of the numerous little steam launches takes us to the south side of the city, which is high and picturesque. For this trip we pay three-fourths of a cent in our money. In less than a minute the steam lift takes us to the highest point, which commands the finest view in the city. Between us and the rest of the city flow the Mälar and Saltsjoen, crowded with boats of almost every design imaginable—steamers, launches, sailing-vessels, and row-boats. Before us on Staden Island rises the Royal Palace, while beyond on the mainland is the Museum we have just visited. Church-spires, parks, gardens, and tree-lined streets make up a beautiful picture.

From the south side a bridge spans the southern and lesser arm of the Mälar to Staden Island. From the bridge we can watch the fish market, which is doing a thriving business. The fish are brought in boats from the lakes nearby and from the Baltic. The fish-boats are quite unique. A large compartment in the stern having holes bored in it is filled with water to hold the fish. In this way fresh water is constantly flowing through it to keep the fish alive.

The market is a large floating wharf in the form of a capital U. All along the outside are moored the boats, and as the housemaids, who in Sweden do almost all the marketing, pass by, the fishermen lift up their fish in nets for inspection.

Just before us along the eastern side of Staden stretches the Ship-bridge, a broad quay where most of the big sea-going steamers anchor. Stockholm is the residence of the king. To see his home we must go to the northern point of the Island. The Royal Palace is a large square building, with a court and four wings. It is four hundred feet long and nearly as wide, and contains over five hundred rooms. The Swedish flag is not floating to-day above the palace, which means that the royal family are not at home. We shall therefore be permitted to see the private apartments of the palace as well as those of state.

The main entrance leads through a semicircular court, and after ascending a handsome stairway one comes to the state apartments. The frescoed walls, rare furniture, and costly tapestries are much like those of other royal palaces, but beyond is the great banqueting-hall, quite different from most rooms of its kind. It is all white and gold and mirrors, except the ceiling, which has beautiful frescoes. This unique room is called the White Sea.

One of the principal rooms on the first floor is the Parliament Room, for although the king is required by law to open the Riksdag, or Parliament, yet the Riksdag is obliged to come to the king for this ceremony.

The opening of Parliament is a very stately affair. When, after service in the Cathedral, the members of both houses have assembled here in the Riks Sal, a hundred courtiers in uniforms of blue and yellow enter. Then come the court pages in knee trousers, white silk stockings, cocked hats, and their hair in queues. Heralds in gay dress precede the royal officers, judges and cabinet members, after whom come the royal

princes in royal purple. This, however, is not at all the purple that we know, but a beautiful dark, rich red. Following them are officers of the army and navy in fine uniforms, and then, with a blare of trumpets, the king himself enters, wearing his mantle of

purple, dotted with gold-embroidered crowns and lined with ermine, the train of which is borne by three chamberlains. When seated on the great silver throne, the king reads his speech to Parliament.

King Oscar II of Sweden is one of the most gifted monarchs of Europe. He is a fine musician, and it has been said that



ROYAL PALACE GARDENS, STOCKHOLM

if he had not been a king he could have won fame and fortune by his voice. He is a poet as well as a musician.

King Oscar is a democratic ruler; he does not believe in holding himself aloof from his people; he gives frequent receptions to which any one may go provided only that the visitor records his name in the royal register three days before the reception takes place. At these gatherings may be seen persons of every class and from every section of the country mingling with those of the court circle.



QUEEN SOPHIA

The king and the members of his family often ride in the street cars, or even walk, instead of rolling through the city in a state carriage. King Oscar, although seventy-five years of age, is still one of the handsomest rulers in all Europe.

On the ground floor of the Palace is the Museum of Armor and Costumes, one of the most complete collections of its kind in the world. Here one may gaze at the state robes of Swedish kings and queens for the last three hundred years, and the weapons and armor of past ages. Among the most interesting objects are the horse the great Gustavus Adolphus rode at the Battle of Lützen, the sword he carried in that battle, and the cradle in which Charles XII, the Snow King, was rocked.

South of the Palace is the Storkyrka, said to be the very church that good old Birger Jarl built for his new capital, while still farther south is the Great Market, one of the most historical spots in the city.

Along the narrow lane-like streets leading from the Great Market are the shops of the humbler tradesmen. Over on the western shore of Staden is the Knights' House, and the Riddarhus Market. The Swedes are very patriotic, and delight in honoring their kings and famous men. In the center of the market stands a statue of the people's idol, Gustavus Vasa; the statue was placed here by the nobility on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his freeing the city from Danish rule.

The Riddarhus is a large brick and stone building where the Chamber of Nobles held its meetings when the nobles formed one of the houses of the Swedish Parliament. Now, however, all political privileges have been taken from the nobility, and their title no longer entitles them to a seat in the Riksdag. Here in the Chamber hang the coats-of-arms of all the Swedish nobility.

Just across on Riddarholm Island is the Riddarholms Church, the most famous in Stockholm, though no church service except that of royal funerals has been held here for a hundred years; this is the Westminster Abbey of Sweden, and for centuries the kings



RIDDARHOLMS CHURCH

and heroes of the nation have been buried in it. Gustavus Adolphus lies buried in a green marble coffin in one of the chapels, and near him hangs the silken banner he carried at Lutzen. On the opposite side of the church is the tomb of Charles XII, while in the Bernadotte chapel rest the father and mother,

grandfather and brother, of King Oscar.

To the south is the Swedish House of Parliament, while in a prominent place in the center of the island stands the majestic bronze statue of Berger Jarl, fully armed, and pointing with pride to the city he founded.

Recrossing to Staden Island, we pass to the North Bridge, extending to the north shore of Mälar, and passing over the principal outlet of that lake. At the northern end of the bridge begins the Gustaf Adolfs Torg, or Market, in which stands the bronze equestrian statue of Sweden's greatest king. On November sixth, the anniversary of his death, the people assemble around the monument and sing patriotic hymns, among which is the little hymn the hero-king himself wrote for his army before Lutzen.

East of the statue stretch vast gardens with other fine statues, while at the northern end of town is also a large park. It is to have room for its great number of parks, gardens, promenades, and its spacious harbors that Stockholm is spread out over so great an area.

A drive through some of the streets is a delightful way of becoming better acquainted with this beautiful city. Some parts of Stockholm are finely laid out, with wide, well-paved streets. Some in the older quarters have streets so narrow that if one is on the wrong side he must yield the right of way. For this reason it has become a custom here for all to pass up the street on one side and down on the opposite.

Most of the streets, except in the newer sections, have high stucco houses, like those of Old Paris. Indeed, the Swedes have acquired a good many French customs and manners. Swedish houses have French windows, hinged at the sides, and fastened together in the middle, swinging out, when opened, like double doors. In winter double windows are put in, and all cracks stopped up by pasting on strips of gummed paper half an inch wide, which are sold ready prepared in all the stores. On the ledge between

the outer and inner windows is laid a strip of batting, to absorb the moisture, and on this are sometimes placed little wooden houses, tin soldiers and other toys, to make the window look gay through the long



SWEDISH POLICE

winter. Only one pane of the window is ever left open for ventilation.

The cleanliness and tidiness of the Swedes is noticeable. The law requires every yard and the street in front to be swept every morning. Bathing-places are plentiful and cheap.

### A SWEDISH FLAT

Swedish customs are indeed different from American. Here, as strangers, we will be expected to make the first call on our friend's friend to whom we were given letters of introduction.

Our hostess, like most people in Stockholm, lives in a flat. This one is in a three-storied building with basement and attic. We ring at the double street doors, and the janitor peeps out at us through a little porthole window. He seems satisfied with our appearance, for he opens the door and admits us without any questioning, saying our hostess is at home. It is the duty of the janitor to relieve the housewives of the building from any undesirable caller by saying the lady asked for is not at home.

Inside is a spacious entrance with stone stairway, common to all the suites. We mount to the third floor, which in Stockholm is the fashionable floor. The first is apt to be damp, and is close to the noise and confusion of the street, and the second is low, but the

third is quiet, lofty, and well lighted.

A maid receives us in the upper hall and with courtesies takes our umbrellas, rain-coats, and overshoes. The wraps she hangs on hooks, while the overshoes she places in little pigeon-holes for the purpose. Then we enter the drawing-room and are received by our hostess.

The drawing-room is plainly furnished, but bright with sunshine, blooming plants, and singing birds. The chief article of furniture is the great porcelain stove, which reminds us of the one in the German story of "The Nuremberg Stove."

It is surely four feet wide, nearly as deep, and reaches almost to the high ceiling. Angels with spreading wings crown the pillars, while the decorations are much like those on our mother's set of Dresden china at home. The stove is honeycombed throughout with passages leading from a hollow space at the bottom, where, each morning in winter, a wood fire is built. When the fire has burned to coals, the doors are closed, and the damper to the chimney also, which causes the heat to rise through all the passages and warm the whole great mass of porcelain, which for the rest of the day gives out a beautiful mild glow. Only in very severe weather does a fire have to be built except in the morning. More heat for the amount of wood it burns is given out by one of these stoves than by any other.

Knowing that Swedish houses as well as Swedish customs are different from American, our hostess shows us her home and tells us something of the family

life.

The house, like all first-class houses in Stockholm, is built of stone, since either stone, brick, or stucco is required by law, for the fire-rules of the city are very strict. Not only must house-walls be fireproof, but the stairs must also be of stone, or iron laid in stone.

No dwelling can be more than sixty feet high or have more than six stories. All flues must be a given size, and swept from top to bottom every month. The chimney-sweep is in Stockholm a very important person.

Wash-day is a day of importance in the Swedish household, and is often postponed till the family go to

the country for the summer. In one of the long, low buildings back of the summer villa are usually a boiler, lye vat, and other needful things for the family washday. A landing has been built on the shore of the lake, and here, after boiling, the clothes are beaten and rinsed and shaken, and finally spread on bushes or in the grove to dry. It takes a large supply of linen to follow the old Swedish custom in the matter of wash-days.

Our house-mother is a very busy woman, for she has a family of six to care for. Her husband must be off to his place of business early in the morning, while breakfast must be served to the oldest boy before day-light all through the long winter, that he may reach school by eight.

Two or three lunches have to be served at noon, for the children come at different times. A lesson at school or perhaps a music lesson detains them over the family lunch hour. The good mother would scarcely be able to make everything run as smoothly as she does if it were not for her trusty maid.

Among the many things this maid does for her mistress is to take the great brown basket, which, when filled, weighs thirty pounds or more, and go to market for the family supplies. She knows how to make excellent bargains, buying in the open market, directly from the country people, who come each market-day with loads of poultry, butter, eggs, and vegetables.

Swedish maids are the best in the world. They do not work a few weeks in one home and a few weeks or only a few days, perhaps, in another, but are hired by the year, or at the very least for six months. April and October are the months when changes are made, if at all. Then Stockholm streets have the appearance of our May moving-day, only the furniture is entirely bureaus, for wherever she goes the Swedish



EARLY MORNING STREET MARKET

maid carries her bureau with her, and very proud of it she is.

It is with regret that we take leave of our kind hostess, but our stay has already been too long. We must visit the shops of Stockholm, see some of its suburbs, and then start on our way to the Far North.

Tourists who come to Stock-holm find the

shops one of its interesting features.

Everything one could wish for of the quaint curios of this country may be found in the Stockholm shops. One whole side of the shop we enter is given to the beautiful Roestrand porcelains with their dainty colorings and rare shapes. Over here are the Hardanger embroideries, which, though bearing a Norwegian

name, are also done in Sweden, while farther on are silver brooches and buckles, and carved woods equal to any Swiss work we ever saw.

A great variety of woolens and silks are displayed, and are much cheaper than at home. Many pattern



GUARD MOUNT, ROYAL PALACE

pieces of lace in old Northern designs hang in the window, with modern homespun blankets and rugs in the colorings and patterns of ancient times, furnished through the efforts of patriotic ladies of Stockholm, who have encouraged peasant women in reviving this forgotten art. Among the most popular articles here, as elsewhere, are full peasant costumes, especially the picturesque dress of Dalarne.

#### STOCKHOLM'S SUBURBS

A TRIP to Stockholm, as we have said, would not be complete without a visit to some of its suburbs. First among them is Drottningholm, on one of the islands in Lake Mälar, about seven miles west of Stockholm.



DROTTNINGHOLM, NEAR STOCKHOLM

Our steam launch, for of course we go by water, is a swift little vessel, one of hundreds of pleasure boats plying this beautiful lake.

Drottningholm, or "Queen's Island" Palace, received its name from the queen who founded it, but the present castle was built by a later queen, and adorned by various rulers with paintings and works of art.

One king added a theatre, where he loved to act French plays. Another built a Swiss cottage, and a third a Chinese pagoda as a surprise for his queen, and filled it with a great variety of Chinese curios. King Adolf Frederick founded a factory village close by, where steel and iron were manufactured, and here the king himself used to work, for he was the most skillful locksmith in Sweden. This king and his beautiful wife, the sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia, collected most of the works of art in the palace. Here the present king spends a part of nearly every summer, surrounded by the beautiful island-dotted Mälar. Drottningholm is considered the finest palace in Sweden.

From Drottningholm we sail farther to the southwest on our way to Gripsholm palace, overlooking one of the southern arms of Lake Mälar.

The first castle was built by the famous Bo Jonsson, the wealthiest man who ever lived in Sweden, and so powerful that he dictated terms to great cities and mighty kings. Though he died over six hundred years ago, his name is still on men's lips. He owned no less than twenty great castles in Sweden, the greater part of a dozen provinces, besides the whole of the vast region of Finland and Norrland. No other man in Sweden owned a quarter as much land as he. Indeed, there was not much of the country left even for the king. The silver money alone which he willed away at his death weighed two tons and a half.

He gained his great power by winning the affections of the common people. He pretended to consult

their wishes and yield to them, but in reality he bent their wishes to his. He used often to call the people together and address them. On one of his island possessions there is still a stone seat called Bo's Stone, where he used to gather the people together. A ditch was turned aside in order to leave it in its place, out of reverence for him. His fame spread far beyond Sweden. Once he declared war against the strong Hanse town of Dantzig, and in terror that city appealed to Luebec for advice. Out of fear of Bo's might, Luebec counselled that peace be made with the Swede by all means.

The palace of Gripsholm received its name from its founder, who was sometimes called Bo Jonsson *Gripp*, on account of the *griffin* in his coat-of-arms.

The first palace having been destroyed, the present one was built by Gustavus Vasa, and it remained a stronghold of the Vasa family for generations. Its portrait gallery of two hundred paintings is the finest of its kind in Europe.

Now we are bound for the strong fortress of Wax-holm, on a rocky island to the northeast of the city. This, like the castle of Gripsholm, was built by Gustavus Vasa, and with the stronghold of Oscar Fredriksborg, a little farther down the channel, commands the only approach to Stockholm navigable for large vessels, so upon the guns of these two forts depends the safety of the capital from attack by sea.

On our way back we stop at the Deer Garden, the most beautiful spot in the whole city. There is said to be nothing like it in all Europe. It is really an island park, about two miles long and three-quar-

ters of a mile wide. Rich and poor alike flock here to enjoy the charming scenery or hear the music, which is a special feature of the place.

We enjoy dinner under the "Bellman Oak," beneath which the Swedish poet Bellman composed many of



BOAT LANDING, STOCKHOLM

his songs. This interesting spot commands a fine view of the city, and to add to the enjoyment, the band plays Swedish airs. Close by is a bronze bust of the poet, where, on Bellman's Day, July twenty-sixth, crowds of his admirers gather to recite his verses and praise his works.

Over on the north side of the island is the royal villa of Rosendal, built by the grandfather of King

Oscar. Here are orange trees and the rarest of tropical plants, while in front of the villa stands the famous vase of porphyry fashioned in Dalarne and measuring eight and a half feet in height and eleven and a half in diameter.

# UPSALA (ŭp-sä'lä)

There is probably no country in the world, excepting America, where so much attention is given to education as in Sweden. Aside from the other studies, a thorough study is made of the national religion—the Lutheran. There is also instruction in voice-culture, gymnastics, and "sloyd." In some of the schools there are baths, and all the children must bathe at school a certain number of times a year. There are school colonies, too, in the country, where sickly children are taken for an outing.

The two great state universities of Sweden are located at Upsala and Lund. As we cannot visit both, we will content ourselves with seeing something of the one nearest. Upsala is only forty-five miles from Stockholm, and the University there has almost twice as many students as Lund.

The very highest goal a Swedish youth can reach is to receive his degree from this famous old University, for the courses are long and exacting, seven or eight years being required to receive a degree.

Upsala was once the capital of Svealand, and here the Upsala kings were crowned before the days of a united Sweden. It was also the center of heathen culture, and here of old stood a temple to the old Norse gods. Three stone mounds outside the city are said to have been erected to Allfather Odin, Frigg, and Thor.

The great object of interest in Upsala, aside from the University, is the Cathedral. The Upsala Cathedral is larger and grander in its proportions than the Trondhjem Cathedral, and nearly as old. It is built of brick and stone, and has exquisite stained-glass windows. Here is the tomb of the great botanist, Linnaeus, who taught in Upsala. Here, too, rest the patron saint of Sweden, Erik IX, and her hero-king, Gustavus Vasa.

It is the University, however, which makes Upsala famous. This great seat of learning was founded more than six hundred and fifty years ago, and improved by Gustavus Adolphus, who, it is said, gave much of his own wealth to make it the pride of Sweden.

The library of the University has two hundred thousand volumes and eight thousand precious manuscripts. Learned men from distant lands come here to study in this "City of Eternal Youth," as it is beautifully called.

At Upsala Swedish young men and women, too, lead a happy life, much after the fashion of German students, except that there is no duelling. A youth of sixteen or eighteen, who has passed his entrance examinations, comes to Upsala, wearing, of course, his white cap. He pays his small entrance fee, but no tuition. He does not need to consult any of his teachers about his work or even state what course he expects to follow. He may attend the lectures if he likes, but is not obliged to do so. He may study alone, or under a tutor. He may listen to lectures,

but for private instruction he is expected to pay a fee. He takes his examinations whenever he is ready for them. When they are all successfully passed, in eight or ten years, it may be, he will, on the next "promotion day," receive his doctor's degree. The University has but a single rule, and that is, that each student must be a gentleman.

One thing, however, an Upsala student must not fail to do. That is to join at once his proper "Nation" and pay his fee. This is an association or club having nothing to do with studies; it indicates the part of the country from which the student comes. Here, if he chooses, he may become a shareholder in the Nation's savings-bank; if he is a poor boy, he may receive aid from the Nation's fund for that purpose; or, if he is brilliant, he may, perhaps, receive the Nation's scholarship. Indeed, all his college life is centered in his Nation.

### **DALARNE**

From Upsala we journey on to Dalarne (dä'-lär-nä) and the region of Lake Siljan (sil'-e-ăn). The trim red farmhouses we pass are surrounded by apple orchards and hop fields. Wild flowers and berries run riot along the roadside.

Dalarne, or "The Dales," is a beatuiful province in the heart of Sweden, occupying the basin of the two large rivers, the East and West Dolb Elf. Its scenery is noted for its beauty, and its people for their quaint dress and interesting customs.

The Dalecarlians (dä-le-kär'lē-äns) are the most patriotic, most practical, and most simple in their

dress and manners of any people in Sweden, and Dalecarlian women are the most beautiful in all Scandinavia. These people are proud of their fore-fathers, of their ancient customs, and of their language, which is not elsewhere spoken. They address

every one, even the king himself, with the familiar form of du, which is used nowhere else in Sweden except as a term of endearment. Representatives from The Dales go up to Stockholm and even to court receptions in their quaint peasant dress. Each parish has its own costume, different from any other.

The people of Dalarne, or Dale-



CHILDREN OF DALARNE

carlia, are farmers, except in the mining towns; the farms, however, are poor and small. The law works them great hardship by dividing the property at the father's death. Some of the farms have been subdivided until they are only a few rods square. Often all the hay cut upon such a farm can be carried in the

arms, yet this farm may be ten or twelve miles from the owner's other holdings. This difficulty in farming has led many peasants to leave their beloved home and go to the cities, especially to Stockholm, to find work. They are very ingenious, and make baskets, clocks, tools, and carved woods to sell in the city. The men often engage as janitors for flats or apartment houses, keeping the halls clean and the wood sawed, split, and filled into the box. The girls deliver parcels in the city stores, or act as gardeners, for in this they excel. It is always looked upon as a sign of spring in Stockholm when the pretty, fair-haired girls from Dalarne, with their high, tasselled caps and rainbow hued skirts appear to take charge of the gardens.

To see these people in their own homes is the most delightful part of a journey through Sweden.

To a Swede, all Dalarne is sacred ground, for in no other part of Sweden have occurred such stirring and romantic events connected with the freedom and happiness of the land. It was in The Dales that the great Gustavus Vasa wandered, an outlaw hunted by Danish spies. It was the Dalkarlar who, beneath his banner, first made the bold stand to throw off the Danish yoke and free their native land.

The journey north to Lake Siljan is partly by rail and partly by boat up the East Dal Elf. The people at work in the fields constantly attract our attention. The men are dressed in green waistcoats and red shirts, the boys in long greenish-yellow coats. while the women are gay in many colors.

Lake Siljan, or the "Eye of Dalarne," as the name means, is a beautiful piece of water. Its banks are neither abrupt nor low. Gently sloping hills, topped with forests, stretch away from the lake. The houses on its shores are built after the ancient fashion, with the second story overhanging the first. Long pink row boats with high stern and prow are moored at the



GOING TO CHURCH, DALARNE

landings. On the road the ponies we see all have their manes cut in one great scallop, like the arc of a circle.

Just where the East Dal flows from Lake Siljan lies the hamlet of Leksand. We have planned our trip to reach Leksand on Sunday morning, that we may see the people come to church in their rowboats. Some of these boats are long enough to seat forty rowers. They are called Sunday boats or Church boats, and are owned by the village. The women bear their share of the rowing, and show as much strength and skill as the men. Over here is a boat just run ashore. The maidens leap out and hasten to the shade of a big tree to freshen up their toilets before appearing at church. Taking combs and tiny mirrors from the pockets hanging at their side, they brush a stray lock here and pat another there, as they chat together. When all is done they set their jaunty little red caps far back on the head.

You can always tell what station in life a Leksand woman holds. At her marriage she changes the little red cap for a white one with lace border. If she should become a widow she would take off the lace trimming and wear the white headdress plain. Tiny girls look like little women, for they wear their dresses nearly as long as their mothers. Once every province in Sweden had its own distinctive costume, but only a few, like Dalarne, still cling to it.

The costume of Leksand women consists of a skirt of dark blue wool reaching to the ankle and set off with a bright apron tied with leather strings from whose ends dangle little tassels. Low shoes and white stockings are considered stylish footwear. The bodice is either leather or red cloth over a white waist. Both girls and boys wear canary-colored clothing.

The men's holiday costume is less gay. A long dark blue coat reaching to the knee, knee trousers of hide and a waistcoat of the same, thick white stockings, low shoes, and a round felt hat make up their dress. On week days a long leather apron is worn, reaching almost from the neck.

The costumes look very quaint and pretty as their wearers come in boatloads of twenty or thirty across the lake, or walk along the country road to church.

The Leksand church is in the form of a Greek cross and seats four thousand. The women sit on one side and the men on the other. After church service the people gather in little groups to talk over the news. Though we cannot understand much of the merry



PEASANTS' DANCE

chatter, it is plain from their smiling faces that they are enjoying themselves. Soon the women slip from the pouch at their side a lunch of bread and butter, cheese and young onions, and families gather together to eat their simple meal.

The farms of Leksand have neat red houses with white trimmings. To nearly every one belongs a garden, fruit trees, and a big bed of onions. Each farm in Dalarne, as in Norway, has a name, but it is put before the name of the owner. "Broems Olaf

Larsson' means the farm "Broems" which belongs to Olaf Larsson.

Let us visit a genuine old-fashioned Leksand farm. Its buildings form a square, which is entered beneath a sort of porch. On one side is the dwelling and on the others barns and stables. Opposite the porch is a building whose lower floor is the family storeroom and whose upper story is reached by a ladder stairway. In winter this is the weaving room and in summer a bedroom, with beds one above another.

The dwelling has bedrooms, a living-room, with fireplace, loom and spinning wheels, besides a big room where the family clothing is kept. A number of chests and a mirror are the chief articles of furniture. On long poles are hung homespun and woven skirts, bodices, underclothing, aprons, and homeknitted stockings. Here also are laid away great rolls of cloth for the men's holdiay suits, and also the winter garments of sheep-skin trimmed with fur.

Everything about this home is just now bustle and preparation for what is the greatest possible event in Dalarne—a wedding. The festivities, which are to last a week, begin to-morrow, and with true Swedish courtesy toward strangers we are invited to join the merry-making. With great delight we accept the invitation, for a wedding in Dalarne is no small affair.

Invitations were given two weeks ago. The betrothed couple went together to their friends and asked them to come to the wedding. Each invited guest gave a small measure of malt with which to brew the wedding ale. Ring-bread has been baked by the barrel, and soft brown bread also.

Some of the men have been fishing on the lake, and here are big tanks of the fish. The fireplace is taxed beyond its capacity to cook the meat of the ox and four sheep that have been killed, so a big fire has been kindled out of doors, over which hangs an enormous kettle. The smokehouse is full of bacon and hams, and the stock of butter and cheese is large enough for a grocery.

Drinks form a great part of the feast; brown ale, toward which each guest has contributed, is stored in barrels, while kegs of braenvin, sherry, and Swedish punch are ready for the wedding guests. Having been kindly shown these preparations, we take our leave and await the wedding morning.

It dawns bright and clear. We go early to the house, as we have been invited to do, but many are there before us. There is much running back and forth from this farm to the next, for one house could not accommodate all, and some of the guests from a distance have stayed at the neighbors'.

An immense arbor of birch branches has been put up to protect the dancers from the sun, while arches decorate the doors and gateways. The guests all come to the home before the ceremony, for the greater the number who follow the pair to church, the greater the compliment is considered. Each brings some contribution toward the food or drink for the feast. This is a very ancient custom, and is called "Foerning."

The bride, who was up at three o'clock to begin her toilet, at last appears, smiling and happy. Her wedding dress is not very different from that commonly worn, but to-day many flowers and beads are sewed

on the bodice, and she wears all her brooches; she has left off her little red cap, and for the first time appears in one of white.

The groom is dressed much the same as usual. A big wide collar falling over his coat is the only added feature. This collar and his wedding shirt are gifts



WEDDING PROCESSION

from the bride. His gift to her is the prayer-book she carries wrapped up in the new handkerchief she has herself embroidered. After an ancient custom the bride and groom ride on horses decked with birch and flowers.

Now all have reached the church, and the couple stand beneath the red canopy before the altar and the ceremony of exchanging rings is performed. The more intimate friends, to the number of two or three hundred, accompany the couple home, where the feast is ready. The mother and sisters serve in the

kitchen and the brothers wait on table. The most honored guests are asked to sit down, but it would not be considered polite if they were to do so without being urged and finally dragged to the table. The dancing lasts all night.

On the last day of the wedding ceremonies the bride and groom will stand in the great room of the house, where the guests can thank them for the pleasure the occasion has given. Each guest, as he takes his leave, puts a bill or piece of silver into the hand of the bride, and she drops it into the big linen pocket by her side.

But we must now leave this scene of merry-making and start for Mora.

Across Lake Siljan, on its northern bank, lies the parish of Mora, almost as quaint as Leksand. It has no pretentious buildings, but is simply a pleasant country place, where the peasant people live a simple, contented, happy life. They work hard, but enjoy their simple pleasures doubly when the day's work is over. On summer evenings the young men take their accordions and serenade the maidens of the parish. Or perhaps the young people all gather in the evening for a dance.

The Mora costume is quite as gay as that of Leksand. At Mora the dark skirt is bordered with yellow, and red stockings take the place of white. The bodice is red, while the apron has bright bands across the bottom. Two braids are formed of the hair, each wrapped in ribbon and together wound around the head like a crown. Red ribbons are worn by maidens and white by married women. A calico kerchief is tied demurely under the chin.

To the north of Lake Siljan lies the parish of Orsa, whose people are said to be the handsomest of all handsome Dalecarlians. The men are tall, strong, and active, and the women have wonderful complexions, with deep blue eyes, cherry lips, and teeth kept white by chewing the gum of the fir tree.



ON THE WAY TO WORK

Orsa parish is poor, for its farms are small and its families large. Few of the houses are painted and few have gardens or orchards. Some of the farms can support only a couple of cows, a pig or two, and a few sheep or goats. If an Orsa peasant owns a horse he is thought rich by his neighbors. Everything is turned to account. In the fall the twigs and tender branches of the birch are cut, bound into sheaves, and hung on the tree to cure as winter fodder for the sheep. In some homes lobbered milk is put on the table in a trough-like dish of wood, and when all are gathered

around with their spoons the wife sprinkles it with brown sugar and ginger, and each marks off his share with his spoon.

In Orsa, as elsewhere, there is a piece of public land where a farmer can pasture part of his stock. He can, too, by long process of law, get timber from the forest



AT REST

commons to build him a house if he has no timber of his own.

Orsa, like other parts of Dalarne, has many mountain farms. They are quite unlike Norwegian mountain farms, being more like forest homes surrounded by big fenced fields of grain and grass. The family are often kept here till after Christmas.

The mountain houses are roomy and comfortable, and there are stables for the cattle and sheep. During the day the sheep and cattle are taken to pasture, generally by one of the daughters, who leads them by

her voice or horn, and at night she leads them back by the salt she carries in her pocket. Not an idle moment does she spend, for even as she goes back and forth to pasture she knits, and many a stocking does she lay away, or mitten with two thumbs, so that it may be turned, and thus wear the longer.

Ever since we came into Dalarne we have noticed birch boughs, partly withered, fastened to carts, horses, market-stalls, and Siljan boats, as well as green arches before the doors, but there have been so many new things to see and hear that we only now find out what all this air of festivity is about. It is what remains of the great midsummer, or St. John's Festival, which, particularly in Dalarne, ranks next to Christmas.

#### MIDSUMMER'S EVE

MIDSUMMER'S Eve, on June twenty-third, is a remnant of the old heathen Sun Festival, when men believed that the Sun God waged continual warfare with the Frost Giants, for the benefit of man. When the sun reached its greatest height they said that the Frost and Rime Giants had been conquered and the strong God of Light stood victor. Just after this happy victory each year they kept Midsummer Eve as a festival of rejoicing. And here in Dalarne the peasants still celebrate the day.

The Midsummer festival is begun with service in the parish church, but the chief feature is the maypole. This is indeed something more than a pole—it is like the great mast of a ship, eighty or even a hundred feet high, with cross-pieces stretched out like arms,

one above another, in all directions. The girls bring ox-eyed daisies and asters, and sometimes the bright orange mushrooms that grow among the moss, and the boys bring birch greens to decorate the pole.



Sometimes it is trimmed with egg-shells, gilded hearts, and paper flowers.

It is then raised with ropes, amid great shouting and clapping, and all dance merrily around it the rest of the night. This is the "Maypole Dance." But *Mai* in Swedish does not mean the month of May; it means green leaf, so the *May pole* stands for the "festival of the green leaf."

Quaint little cakes are always provided for Mid-

summer feasts. They are generally in the shape of a pig or a goat. The pig represents Frey's boar Golden Bristles, which from tearing up the earth with its tusks typified agriculture and the seed time. The goat is in memory of the goats the great god Thor drove before his chariot when he went to fight the Frost Giants.

The Orsa costume is unlike any other. The men wear a short white homespun coat, knee trousers of white leather, and blue stockings. They follow the peasant fashion at home and part their hair in the middle.

The women are gay in red bodices, white waists, and dark blue skirts ruffled in the weaving. In Orsa it is the women who wear leather aprons, which have a black cloth border at the bottom. White woolen stockings and shoes with the heel almost in the center belong to the Orsa costume. Very kindly, and polite, too, are these young ladies. Whenever an Orsa lass meets a youth, she takes from her swinging pocket a piece of rock candy and bites off a piece for him, or if she meets a girl friend she divides with her the gum she is chewing.

The list of names in Orsa is very short. A boy is almost certain to be called Anders, Hans, Lars, Olof, Erik, Joens, Pers, or Daniel, while the parents of a daughter have a still shorter list to choose from. Anna, Kristina, Margaretha, Katharina, and Bergitta are almost the only names heard. These, however, have a great many variations. To tell one from another, the name of their father's farm is given as a part of the name.

#### **RATTVIK**

No LESS interesting than the parishes already visited is that of Rattvik, on the eastern shore of Lake Siljan. Rattvik is perhaps more often spoken of and more often visited by tourists than any of the others.

We have made our plans to attend the midsummer fair; there must certainly be two thousand people here;



GOING TO MARKET, DALARNE

the booths are full of wares and the signs above them indicate what is sold within; here a painted wooden fish announces the fish-market, while skins and shoes hung up are among the signs; colored kerchiefs, beads, brooches, groceries, pork, and fancy cakes are the most common articles.

The people themselves, however, are the most interesting part of the fair; their gay dress lends color and charm to the whole scene. The costume of the women consists of a low, dark bodice over a white

waist; over the shoulders a gaudy kerchief is pinned with a silver brooch; the headdress is a quaint helmet-like cap of dark blue with red piping in the seams and around the edge; it comes down low on the back of the head like a college girl's mortar-board, and ends with two bands of blue with red balls at the ends; the crowning feature is the skirt of dark blue with green border and many-hued front breadth; the front is striped across in bands two inches wide of black, white, yellow, red, and green, separated from each other by a narrow rib of red; this is called the rainbow skirt, and it is worn nowhere but in Rattvik.

# NORRLAND

And now comes the trip to Norrland, or Northern Sweden. We shall go by way of the Baltic and Bothnia, stopping at a number of ports during the voyage, and will make the return mostly by rail.

The steamer Astrid, which in Swedish means Star, is to take us the first part of the way, and we hasten to get our luggage aboard. Sailing out into fjord waters, we are soon beneath the guns of Waxholm. For the first twenty or thirty miles out from Stockholm the islands are clothed with birch, spruce, oak, and pine trees, but as we approach the open Baltic they become more bleak and rocky, many being without a tree or bush of any sort, yet are inhabited by fishermen.

The fish they catch is almost their sole means of support, for the soil is so barren that not even a cow can find pasture, but must depend for feed upon moss brought from elsewhere.

The nets of these fishermen have little rolls of birch bark fastened to the upper side as buoys to hold them at the surface, and birch rolls tied around a stone answer for sinkers.

We touch at Sundsvall, the second port of the Norrland, having a population of eleven thousand people. The boat stops for several hours, giving a good opportunity to see the city. A very modern-looking town it seems to be; it has large iron-works, but its chief

business is the lumber trade, amounting to twenty million crowns, or about eight hundred thousand dollars each year. Besides large mills in the city for sawing the timber floated down the river, there is an extensive trade in raw timber.

About fifty miles north of Sundsvall is Hernosand, a town of six thousand inhabitants, at which our



GIRLS IN NATIVE COSTUME On the Lake Naas, Sweden

steamer leaves us to await the next one, a day later, for we must see something of the scenery along the Angerman Elf, the most beautiful river of Sweden. Hernosand is a picturesque little town on an island

situated very pleasantly near the river mouth.

There is time for a drive into the country to see one of the big farms, in the midst of beautiful river scenery, and for a brief visit to the agricultural school near by. Fields of winter wheat, oats, and barley are common. The farmhouse here is a two-story building a hundred feet long and nearly fifty wide, and is in keeping with the estate, for the farm contains seven hundred acres of cultivated land, besides forest and pasture. The fields are sown almost entirely to barley.

Besides this great dwelling there are eighteen large outbuildings, among which are granaries unlike anything we have ever seen. One is nearly two hundred feet long, while another is a hundred feet long, forty wide, and thirty high. Great tree-trunks are set in the ground about ten feet apart and holes bored through them, into which cross-pieces are set. There are a dozen of these great cross-beams supported by others, the whole forming a huge rack on which to pile the bundles of barley, while a roof protects it from the rain.

In the center of the granary is a large open square provided with a floor on which to thresh the grain. The barley is spread out on the plank floor, and a heavy wooden roller with long pins is drawn back and forth over it by a span of horses until the grain is threshed out.

When a granary is raised, a "bee" is held, and all the neighboring peasants come to the raising. After the frame is in place a great merry-making follows, with dancing and bountiful feasting.

A large herd of cows is one of the richest possessions of the farm. One end of the big dairy-house is converted into an icehouse, and the milk is kept surrounded with very cold water, so that the cream never sours; this makes the butter very sweet and of a fine flavor. The good housewife herself superintends the work of the dairy.

Before returning to Hernosand we visit the Agricultural School of Nordvik. Here the boys are taught when and how to plow, when to sow crops, what crops are best suited to the different soils, and how to care for cattle, sheep, and horses.

Upon our return to Hernosand the good steamer

"Gustaf"—named for the two most illustrious kings of Sweden—bears us northward.

Those curious boats we are passing are used for seal hunting. Their prow rises gradually from the center to a high, rounded head. It is thus enabled to pass over cakes of ice or land its crew on ice-floes in order to capture the seals. The wind is fair, and they are sailing fast.

Our vessel is too large to ascend the Ume Elf as far as Umea, so at the port of this city we board a small passenger steamer to the city itself.

Though Umea is a town of only three thousand inhabitants, it is a busy one. There are millions of feet of lumber waiting to be shipped away, for, like Sundsvall, Umea is a great lumber market. It is also a great mart for tar from the white-pine forests of the surrounding country. Ten thousand barrels of tar stand on the spacious wharves, ready to be sent away with the lumber. From what we learn from a native, the process of making the tar is much the same here as in Norway.

A stroll through town shows that the streets are very clean, though narrow. Since lumber is so plentiful, it of course forms the most common building material. Like most Swedish houses, those of Umea are painted red.

The people of this remote northern town maintain a good school, and it is quite evident the people are fond of music, for the town boasts a hundred pianos.

Just outside the town are fields of barley, rye, and oats, and meadows with wild flowers here and there. The streams have salmon in them.

Our steamer has just arrived at the port of Umea, and we reach it in time to take supper on board. It seems to be a floating restaurant for the people of Umea and the country around. Loading and unloading lasts till into the night, for the steamer brings a big cargo of steam apparatus for sawmills, snuff in



WINTER SCENERY

barrels, wines, ironware, casks of nails, together with dry goods and groceries; returning it loads with rye and barley.

All this while a merry time is going on among those who come aboard. Some have come for the meal of dainties from a warmer climate, which includes radishes, asparagus, and fruits. Others, who could not afford even the moderate price charged for the meal, are getting full enjoyment from the dancing and

general merry-making. Not till the whistle sounds do they go ashore.

There are a number of farmers on board returning home from a trading trip to Umea. They are very frugal, and do not spend their money for dainties on board, but carry their raw salt herring, coarse knaeckebroed, or ring-bread, and cheese in birch bark boxes. For their beds at night they spread their blankets among the piles of casks and boxes.

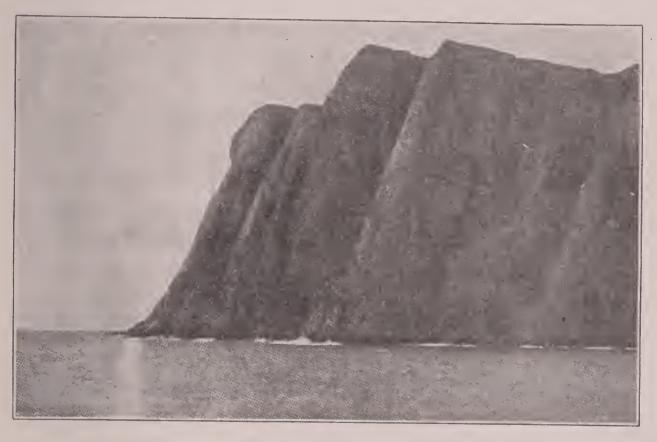
At Lulea, about a hundred and sixty miles north of Umea, the steamer makes a long stop, for this is an important port of the Norrland. Though now a town of only thirty-five hundred people, it has bright prospects for the future, for its trade is increasing rapidly. It is the seat of the Gellivara Company, who own the rich iron mines of Gellivara Hill, somewhat more than a hundred miles to the northwest.

This iron mountain of Lapland is thought to be the greatest iron-ore field in the world. It is two thousand feet high and is almost a solid mass of iron ore of the richest kind. Iron was long ago discovered here, but not until recent years has the work of mining been scientifically carried on. The Gellivara Company is a very wealthy one, and is working the mines of this vast field on a large scale, employing more than two thousand men in summer and fifteen hundred even in the winter, when the work is carried on with so much difficulty on account of the intense cold.

Great quantities of ore are sent by rail to Lulea and from there to foreign countries, but more still is now being shipped over the new road from Gellivara to Faegernaes, on the Norwegian coast, opposite the

Lofoten Islands. Although this Norwegian port is much farther north than Lulea, it has the great advantage of being open the whole year through, for the Gulf Stream prevents its freezing even in winter.

It is surprising what a variety of vegetables and fruits grow in this region, so near to the Arctic Circle;



NORTH CAPE

strolling along the streets we see in the gardens strawberries, raspberry and blackberry vines, gooseberry bushes, turnips, carrots, cabbage, and peas; there are no apple or cherry trees, but out in front of the big red and white houses are tulips and lilies. The mild air, which enables so many plants to grow here, is due to the long hours of summer sunshine and the shelter which the mountains give to the Lule Valley, while the heavy dews also help all growing things. The rye in the fields is growing finely, and if the year is good will reach a height of six or seven feet. Along the edge of the fields are poppies and bachelor-buttons.

We are now on the Tornea (tor'-ne-ō) River, at the head of Bothnia, seven hundred and fifty miles from Stockholm. This seems like the very edge of civilization, for here is the last telegraph that connects us with the rest of the world. Forty miles more and we should reach the Arctic Circle! We are almost within the realm of the Midnight Sun again, for the day before yesterday the sun rose at one minute after midnight and set at thirty-seven minutes past eleven in the evening.

Steamers cannot reach the town on account of shoals, but land their passengers and cargo five miles below. Passengers are taken to town in the odd two-wheeled carriages used here, as in Norway.

Along the shore great piles of lumber and hundreds of barrels of tar are waiting to be put aboard for southern ports, for Haparanda is the shipping-point for all northern Sweden and Russian Finland. Salmon, too, is shipped in great quantities, for the Torne Elf is one of the clear streams of Northern Sweden where this fish comes in great numbers. Several boat-loads are often caught in a single day, so salmon-fishing is one of the principal industries of Haparanda.

#### THE FINNS

THE Tornea River, three hundred miles in length, is here the boundary between Sweden and the Grand Duchy of Finland, which now belongs to Russia. Just across the river from Haparanda (hä-pä-rän'-dä) is the Finnish town of Tornea. The Finns in this locality

are well-to-do. Their harvests are usually good, and their dairies and salmon fisheries the best in the Far North.

Though Sweden has lost her ancient possession of Finland, she still lays some claim to the Finns, for she numbers seventeen thousand of them among her people. Northern Sweden, lying next to Finland, includes the greater portion of these. Here she lets them live quite independently, speaking their own language and keeping their own customs, even to sleeping huddled together on top of their great stove in winter, or keeping a snake for a household pet, as we do a cat or dog.

The Finns are closely related to the Lapps, but are superior to them. As a people they are honest, industrious, skillful, and kind-hearted. The Finns of Stockholm are among its best citizens. Some of the greatest of Scandinavian poets and learned men have been of Finnish birth.

While in this far remote region of Sweden we may find Finns who are, perhaps, uneducated, and simple in their way of living, we must think of the Finnish people as a race well advanced in the arts of living, and devoted to music, art, and literature.

Crossing the Torne, we journey west some distance, and finally stop for the night at a post-station. The house, barn, and cowhouse, together forming three sides of a square, are the only buildings. The house is small and made of birch-logs, with a turf roof. A bedroom for guests and a kitchen are its only rooms. In one corner of the kitchen is the fireplace, six or eight feet square, made of solid slabs of stone, with a sliding iron door, which, after the wood is burned to

charcoal, is closed to keep the heat from escaping. In this way the warmth is held for a day or two.

The kitchen is also the sleeping-room for the family. Each bed is a kind of drawer built along the wall and filled with hay. Through the day they are pushed partly in and covered with a board, and lo! the kitchen is furnished with a rude sort of sofa. At night they are pulled out and spread with sheepskins for covering. The guest-room has for its only furniture rude bedsteads with eiderdown beds and coarse homespun blankets.

Breakfast consists of smoked reindeer meat, black bread and butter, cheese, and coffee with salt to flavor it. The plates, dishes, and spoons are all of wood, and forks are entirely wanting. Coffee-cups are the only crockery, while the well-scrubbed table is made to answer without a cloth.

Long before we are up the men of the family have gone to work in the fields. This is the busy time of the year, for in the few weeks of summer must be done all the outdoor work of the year. Logs must be floated down the stream, for ice will soon cover the river; crops must be planted, cultivated, and harvested, all within eight or nine weeks at the longest. The salmonfishing in the rivers and the trout-fishing in the lakes must be carried on, too, in this brief period, for the fish must form a large part of the family's food. The women, as soon as the necessary work in the house and at the barn is done, will go to the fields, too.

Even in a good year these people find it no easy matter to get along, but when the crops fail there is misery indeed. Our host has told us how, during one year of famine, they were obliged to live on fish and sour milk, with now and then stewed birch-bark to which was added a tiny quantity of flour, or a bit of reindeer moss cooked in milk. Most of the moss, however, had to be saved for the poor cattle, for there was no hay.



LAPP CARAVAN

Every possible article of food is treasured up. Bird-houses are built near the houses for water birds, that their eggs may be taken and used for food.

While the work is being done at the barn, let us take a peep. Here straw and hay are so scarce that it is difficult to raise enough for the poor animals to eat, so they have no bedding, but must lie on the bare floor. In one end of the barn is a big platform of masonry with an immense iron pot in the center; in this the coarse marsh-grass is mixed with the dust

from the threshing of grain, and cooked for the cattle; the kettle is also used as the family bathtub; a fire is built and the water warmed, then one member steps in, while another switches him smartly with a bundle of birch twigs.

Much of our road through this part of Lapland lies through forests of pine and fir, and on either hand in the distance we see hills covered to their tops with white-trunked birches. The forests are in some places carpeted with reindeer moss of a greenish-white.

Bidding our host goodbye, we set out again with fresh horses and drivers on the route which is to take us to the Gellivara railroad. It reaches farthest north, we have learned, of any railroad in the world, ending away up on the coast of Norway. This furnishes Northern Sweden what it has always lacked—a seaport whose harbor is open all the year. Now that trade need not come to a standstill for months together on account of being shut off from the sea, great things are hoped for; moreover, this Lapland road connects the interior of Northern and Southern Sweden, and this must help in bringing the newer civilization into the Far North.

We take the "Lapland Express," which runs twice a week from the Norwegian coast to Stockholm, and after a ride that proves in no way tedious, we find ourselves in central Sweden.

## **SVEALAND**

### MINES AND FOUNDRIES

Soon after leaving Gefle, we enter the great mining and iron and steel manufacturing region of Central Sweden, which extends from Lake Siljan on the north to the Vener and Vetter on the south and from the Malar on the east to the Klar Elf on the west. This region has more than three hundred mines, which cover many acres, and yield from three-fourths of a million to a million tons of iron ore a year.

There is great diversity in the ores of these different mines, so that Swedish iron is suited to a great variety of uses. On the other hand, the ore of each particular mine is very even in quality, so that manufacturers have little trouble in turning out the same grade of product from month to month and from year to year, but can always depend upon the supply of a certain mine for making the delicate blends necessary to produce the high-grade brands for which they have become famous. Therefore, the ores from particular mines are especially prized at particular works.

These two facts have helped greatly in giving Swedish iron and steel the highest place in the world. What has aided most, however, is Svea's poverty in coal, for she is almost without this useful fuel.

But how could scarcity of coal, which we think so necessary to run our foundry furnaces, be the means of turning out fine iron and steel? Simply in this way: It has led Sweden to find a better fuel for this purpose, which is charcoal. If Svea had plenty of coal she would not cut her forests to feed her foundries, when she might keep them for seemingly more noble uses—for ship-building, lumber, fine cabinetwork, and paper; but because she must rely on her forests for carrying on her steel manufacture, and the forests are limited, Svea contents herself with turning out a far less amount of iron and steel than she would otherwise be capable of, and confines herself to the finer branches, compensating for lack of quantity by the vastly superior quality of her goods.

Out of the choicest of her ores she makes, with wood and charcoal for fuel, such iron and steel as no other country attempts, and which bring so high a price that she could not afford to waste them on rails and other coarse products. She even buys abroad the iron rails for those very roads over which she sends her own fine steel.

The economy of wood for use in the great furnaces of Central Sweden has of late years been a matter of close study. Almost all the great steel companies own hundreds of thousands of acres of forest land, mainly in the great timber region of the Norrland, and besides their vast iron and steel works carry on a lumber business almost as great. For every tree they cut they plant another. And in order to use the small young trees, the paper-pulp business is added to that of lumbering, so that every bit of the forest timber is used in the most profitable way, and only the refuse for furnace fuel. The timber too old and tough and too poor for lumber, is burned into charcoal

for the furnaces. Not a splinter or a grain of saw-dust is wasted. These, with all the waste slabs in sawing, if not used in the company's own works, are sold to put into the gas-producer of the oil-tempering plant of some gun factory.

The large and rapid rivers of this region contribute almost as much to this great industry as do the forests. The steel and pulp factories both demand enormous power to turn their massive machinery, and this is supplied by transmitting by electricity the power of the water in the rivers. Thus the wood can be reserved for heating purposes.

There are in Central Sweden so many centers for one branch or another of the great steel industry that it would be impossible to visit them all.

### THE GOETA CANAL

THE trip from Stockholm to Goeteborg over the Goeta Canal we have reserved for the last of our stay in Sweden.

The Goeta Canal is, as we have said, a general name for the great waterway across Sweden, connecting the Baltic with the North Sea. The actual length of the canals which it was necessary to dig to connect the great series of lakes and rivers of this section with the east and west coast is only about a seventh of the whole route.

This great feat of engineering skill was not all done at once. It was thought of nearly two hundred years ago, and the first cutting was made over a hundred years ago in the most difficult part, through the solid rock around the celebrated Trollhaettan Falls. Later other portions were dug, but the whole was not completed till 1855. The whole work thus lasted a hundred and fifty years, and cost ten million dollars,



NYA DOCKS, TROLLHAETTAN

without the cost of regularly-paid workmen, for it was done largely by the army.

The entire length of Goeta Canal or waterway is three hundred and seventy miles, of which fifty are over the Baltic and fifty have been cut. The canal proper, or portion which has been cut, is ten feet deep, eighty-eight feet wide at the top, and forty at the bottom. A steamer in crossing must rise three hundred feet. This is accomplished by a wonderful series of seventy-six locks.

The amount of travel and shipping over the Canal is very great; ten thousand vessels pass over it yearly, though some make only a part of the journey. The canal-boats here are not at all the canal-boats we know at home; the Swedish vessels are iron steamships, often a hundred feet long; if they could take on coal enough, they might cross the ocean; indeed, three have steamed across the Atlantic to South America to be used as steamers on the La Plata River.

Inside, the Goeta steamers are models of neatness and order. There are flowers on the table and a spotless cloth, to say nothing of the well-served dishes. The stateroom is a cosy nook; under its round window is a beautifully-polished washstand that when not in use is entirely closed by a folding cover. There are no berths over one another, but on each side of the window is a seat with cushions, which is a sofa by day and a bed by night.

Outside, the steamer is navigated by men, but inside it is managed by women. The lady captain buys the cream, radishes, chickens and other dainties from the peasants along the way. While one maid in the kitchen peels potatoes, another goes the rounds of the berths and makes the beds. Others wait on table and serve coffee on deck, and, if we do not wish to be troubled with keeping in the little book on our wall our account of what we have ordered at meals, a maid will kindly do it for us.

On such a vessel we make our way over the Goeta, a journey lasting about two days and a half. From

Stockholm we steam a little way along the southern shore of Lake Malar, then turn south through the deep Soedertelje Canal. Near its outlet into a fjord of the Baltic, we are told, lies the town of Soedertelje, though we can see little of it, since it is hidden behind the high embankment of the canal. Here, at the lock, old women with kerchiefs tied about their heads come on board with baskets of the wonderful kringlor, or ring-twisted cakes, famous throughout Sweden.

Next comes a sail of fifty miles among the wooded islands of the Baltic, then we enter the canal extending west to Lake Roxen. Close by is Norrkoeping, one of the greatest manufacturing cities of Sweden. It has paper mills, tobacco and machine shops, match factories, soap works, breweries, sugar refineries, starch factories, tanneries, chemical works, woolen and cotton mills, stocking factories, and ship-building docks. What, indeed, does it not make for Svea's comfort and convenience? With pride she calls it her Manchester.

Lake Roxen is fifteen miles from the Baltic. It is about fifteen miles long and seven wide, and has beautiful scenery along its shore. From Roxen the canal is continued, and sixteen locks take us up to Lake Boren, a pretty bit of water nine miles long. Then comes another canal two miles in length, with more locks, and we are at Motola, upon the shore of Lake Vetter.

#### MOTOLA

Motola is a town of several thousand people, besides the thousands of men employed in its factories and iron works. The workmen have a colony of their own, where dwellings, schools, hospitals, and club-houses have been built for them. The Motola steel works are among the most celebrated in Sweden, being especially famous for their steam engines. Here one of the mighty hammers is called "Wrede" or "Wrath."

Motola will always be associated with the Goeta Canal. The great iron works of the town were also the enterprise of the illustrious Swede, Balthazar Von Platen, who planned the final undertaking of the canal, and by his indomitable energy succeeded at last in overcoming the bitter opposition which for more than thirty years prevented his plan from being carried out.

So dear to his heart was Motola that when he found his life ebbing, he said, "Bury me at Motola, beside the two works I love, and let a plain slab from the quarries of Motola mark my resting-place. Let nothing be put upon it but 'Count B. B. Von Platen.' The world knows the rest." And so here, in a little enclosure beneath the elms along the canal, is his grave, in the very spot he himself had indicated.

Lake Vetter, into which we now steam, is eighty miles long. It is narrow and very deep, and has but few islands. It is very clear and blue and beautiful, being fed by a great number of springs, but terrible storms often arise suddenly, without any seeming cause.

On the southern shore are seen the towers of Karlsborg rising above its massive ramparts. Karlsborg is a great, entrenched camp for twenty thousand men, and forms the great central fortress of Sweden.

The old town of Vadstena, on Lake Vetter, has for its busy harbor the old moat of Gustavus Vasa's

ancient castle, which has been filled with water from the lake. From this unique harbor are shipped great quantities of grain, lumber, iron, and liquor.

The art of lace-making is one of the important industries of the place. Vadstena peasant women come on board the steamer with baskets on their arms filled with lace collars, cuffs, caps, and handkerchiefs. These kerchiefs are the finest in Sweden, and are in odd designs found nowhere else.

From the Vetter, a canal with one lock takes us to little Lake Viken, the highest point on the route, where our steamer is three hundred feet above sea level. From Viken another canal leads northwest to Lake Vener.

### LAKE VENER

Lake Vener is the largest lake of Scandinavia. Indeed, there are but two larger in all Europe. It is a great inland sea a hundred miles long and fifty wide. Its shores are beautiful, with fjords and wooded hills. Along its banks are many busy towns and historical castles, as well as numerous sawmills, iron works, and lighthouses. For a time, however, we are out of sight of land.

On the north shore of Vener is Kristinehamn, which is connected by railways and canals with the great mining region of Central Sweden. It is thus a great mart for the products of this part of the country on their way to the sea. Each year it sends away great quantities of ores, iron, timber, and grain. Every April Kristinehamn holds a great fair, where all the big contracts for iron and timber are made. Besides

its great trade with other places, the city has many factories of its own, among which are machine shops, tanneries, and match factories.

Another canal, another little lake, and we are upon the waters of Goeta Elf. A maid serves a lunch of pretty sugared ring-twisted cakes and coffee, and soon another one with smiles and courtesies says, "Now we have come to Trollhaettan."

## BEAUTIFUL TROLLHAETTAN

Here is the most wonderful part of all the Goeta Canal. Eleven locks, a hundred and twelve feet long, are partly blasted out of the solid rock and partly built of great blocks of granite. It will take three hours to pass the locks, so we may go ashore and gaze upon the beautiful falls of Trollhaettan, or watch our good steamer as it makes the descent, and go aboard again when it has accomplished its wonderful task. On each side of the locks are avenues of trees, so that the locks look like a row of terraces, one above another, or a giant stairway, down which our steamer passes, with no giant tread, however, but as gently and easily as a fairy might glide.

"Trollhaettan" means "Home of the Water Witches."

The people in some parts of Sweden keep not only their old customs, but also many of their old superstitions—that is, they do not forget them, though they no longer really believe in them as of old. Everywhere one hears mention of Frost Giants, Trolls, Dwarfs, and Elves. No wonder that *Cold*, the mighty enemy of the Northland, is looked upon as a giant,

nor is it surprising that fairies should here visit the imagination, for in some localities a soft, transparent mist hangs over the plain like a veil, through which everything is seen in shadowy outline. Objects near at hand appear far away. Flaxen-haired maidens



STATUE OF KARL XII, KINGS GARDEN

seem like fairies. This is caused by the sudden contact of cold air with the warm surface of the earth, while the dryness of the air prevents its turning into genuine fog.

Trollhaettan is a series of mighty rapids rather than falls, for the river descends only a hundred feet in a mile of its course. There are five cataracts, the grandest of which is Toppoe Fall; half way up the barren rock of Toppoe divides the stream, and the waters come thundering down on each side with a mighty and deafening roar. All too soon our three hours at Trollhaettan pass, and we are once more steaming down the Goeta to Goeteborg.

#### CONCLUSION

Our journey through Sweden is at an end, and it is with great regret that we bid her hospitable people good-bye. We have been much impressed with their honesty, industry, and soberness. Everywhere we have met with kindness and courtesy. The Swedes are kind to each other, kind to their domestic animals, and to any little beast or bird which may chance to come their way. It is said that the family of the Swedish farmer never sits down to the Christmas dinner without first raising a pole with a sheaf of grain for the birds.

The Swedes seem especially thoughtful for those less fortunate than themselves; whenever they eat a lunch by the roadside and have anything left they never throw it away; it is carefully laid upon a stone or stump for some hungry passer-by; the traveler in Sweden often sees a piece of rye bread or a sausage left in some clean place along the road.

The children of Sweden might give the children of America many a lesson in courtesy, kindness, and hospitality; whenever a Swedish child meets a stranger or traveler in the country districts of Sweden, he is pretty sure to present him with a bouquet of flowers, or run to open the gate for him, or perhaps offer him a drink of water.

#### **VOCABULARY**

Allee—äl-lā'.

Avasaxa—ä-vä-säk-sä.

Blekinge—blà'king-eh.

Bohus—boo'hous.

Dalarne—dä'lär-nä.

Dalecarlians—dä-le-kär'le-ä.

Gottland—Got'-länd.

Goeta—gĕ'tä.

Gotha.

Goeteborg.

Gothenburg—got'en-börg.

Gifle—yāf'le.

Haparanda—hà-pä-rän'dä.

Heligoland—hel'gō-länd.

Jarl—yärls.

Karlskrona—kärls-krō'-nä.

Kalmar—käl'mär.

Kattegat—kat'te-gat.

Lutzen—lŏŏt'zen.

Malmoe-mäl'mö.

Marstrand—mar'stränd.

Oeland—e'länd.

Oerust—o'roast.

Smaland—små'länt.

Siljan—sil'e-ăn.

Svea—svā'.

Tornea—tor'-ne-ō.

Upsala—ŭp-sä'lä.

Ystad—üs'täd.

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